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HARDING BEGINS JAUNT IN WEST AND TO ALASKA

President Prepared to Make Many Speeches in Western States As He Goes on Trip.

President Harding is on the way toward realizing one of the hopes he has held ever since he entered the White House almost two and a half years ago.

The chief executive has looked forward practically ever since March 4, 1921, to the time when he could leave the capital long enough to visit the vast territory of Alaska and there study at first hand the problems crying for solution.

Two years ago this Summer Mr. Harding was too busily engaged in getting his administration into running order to think of making a trip to Alaska, although he wanted to. Last Summer he went so far as to consider preliminary plans for such a trip but congress continued in session through the Summer and he finally decided to postpone the visit.

Decided Two Months Ago.

The President had the Alaskan trip in mind throughout the Winter, but it was not until two months ago that he finally decided to make it.

Approximately only a third of the President's trip will be made on the special train. The voyage to and from Alaska will be made on the naval transport Henderson, and the voyage from San Diego to New York will be on two shipping board vessels. The first two weeks, however, are to be spent almost altogether on the train as the presidential party will not embark for Alaska until July 5, at Tacoma.

With the President are three cabinet officers whose departments have to do particularly with Alaskan problems. Secretaries Hoover of the department of commerce and Wallace of the agriculture department will join the party in the West, having left Washington in advance.

Secretary Work of the department of the interior left with the President. Secretaries Work and Hoover will be accompanied by their wives.

Members of Party.

Other members of the official party are the secretary to the President, and Mrs. Christian, Speaker Gillette of the house of the representatives, Admiral Rodman, U. S. N.; General and Mrs. Sawyer; Malcolm Jennings and Mrs. Jennings of Columbus; Mrs. Frank Kieler, a friend of the Harding family; Captain Adolphus Andrews, U. S. N., and Major O. M. Baldinger, U. S. A., naval and military aides respectively; Lieutenant Commander Joe L. Boone, U. S. N., assistant to General Sawyer as White House physician; Judson C. Welliver, chief clerk at the White House; the commissioner of the general land office and Mrs. Spry and W. J. Grely, chief of the forest service.

Twenty-one newspaper correspondents and five news photographers also are going.

The schedule provides for 14 formal addresses on the way to Tacoma and for five speeches on the Pacific coast on his return from the territory.

After his visit to Alaska the President will speak at Vancouver, B. C.; Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, which will be the port of embarkation for the water trip through the Panama canal to Porto Rico and thence to New York.

No definite date for the President's return to Washington has been set but it is expected to be around Aug. 25. In all, on the basis of the itinerary as now made out, he will travel 15,057 miles.

Villa of Author Awaits Rich Buyer

"Arnaga," the villa of Edmond Rostand, is still awaiting its rich Spaniard or millionaire American. The home of the famous author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which faces the High Pyrenees, is for sale, but no Crosus comes forward.

Last year the family called for 1,500,000 francs. This year they went down to 800,000. The state may turn it into a national museum if no buyer presents himself.

Would Utilize Tides in Commercial Life

Dr. Okada of the Kobe marine observatory believes there are great possibilities in utilization of the rushing tides of the inland sea for commercial purposes and has asked the government to establish a tide station in Japan.

The complicated conformations of the land cause strange irregularities in the tides about the coast of Japan and these, Dr. Okada says, never have been thoroughly investigated.

Service Star Legion Votes War Opposition

The Ohio division of the Service Star Legion in fourth annual convention went on record as opposing war. Almost 100 women from 20 Ohio cities attended the two-day session.

French Flyer Plans Flight to Arctic

A French military aviator, Lieutenant DePayer, will attempt a 1,400-mile flight over the North Pole next Summer, returning by the way of Virgin Bay, the Petit Parisien states.

The equipment will consist of four biplanes and the aviator plans to remain aloft 20 hours, averaging 70 miles an hour.

Details are yet to be worked out.

Roald Amundsen, Scandinavian Arctic explorer, planned a flight over the North Pole this month, but gave it up owing to unsuccessful trial flights.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD

Blade readers who read with interest Irving Bacheller's story, "A Man For the Ages" will welcome the latest product of his pen, "In the Days of Poor Richard." In the former story Mr. Bacheller took the reader back to the days of Abraham Lincoln, bringing him into personal contact with the great American during his young manhood.

In the new story which begins this week in this paper the author makes his readers intimately acquainted with that other great American, Benjamin Franklin.

"When prodigious things are to be done, how carefully men are prepared and chosen for the doing," said Edmund Burke to Benjamin Franklin. It is of these prodigious things and carefully prepared men that Mr. Bahceller writes in this novel of the founding the Republic.

"In the Days of Poor Richard" is the drama of our nation's birth, the fight of our fathers for liberty, with a human interest touch of the love of a boy for a girl. Begin to read it NOW.

By IRVING BACHELLER

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"The first time I saw the boy, Jack Irons, he was about nine years old. I was in Sir William Johnson's camp of magnificent Mohawk warriors at Albany. Jack was so active and successful in the games, between the red boys and the white, that the Indians called him 'Boiling Water.' His laugh and tireless spirit reminded me of a mountain brook. There was no lad, near his age, who could run so fast, or jump so far, or shoot so well with the bow or the rifle. I carried him on my back to his home, he urging me on as if I had been a battle horse and when we were come to the house, he ran about doing his chores. I helped him, and, our work accomplished, we went down to the river for a swim, and to my surprise, I found him a well taught fish. We became friends and always when I have thought of him, the words Happy Face have come to me. It was, I think, a better nickname than 'Boiling Water,' although there' was much propriety in the latter. I knew that his energy given to labor would accomplish much and when I left him, I repeated the words which my father had often quoted in my hearing:

"'Seest thou a man diligent in his calling? He shall stand before kings.'"

This glimpse of John Irons, Jr.—familiarly known as Jack Irons—is from a letter of Benjamin Franklin to his wife.

Nothing further is recorded of his boyhod until, about eight years later, what was known as the "Horse Valley Adventure" occurred. A full account of it follows with due regard for background and color:

"It was the season o' the great moon," said old Solomon Binkus, scout and interpreter, as he leaned over the campfire and flicked a coal out of the ashes with his forefinger and twiddled it up to his pipe bowl. In the army he was known as "old Solomon Binkus," not by reason of his age, for he was only about thirty-eight, but as a mark of deference. Those who followed him in the bush had a faith in his wisdom that was childlike. "I had had my feet in a pair o' sieves walkin' the white sea a fortnight," he went on. "The dry water were six foot on the level, or mebbe more, an' some o' the waves up to the tree-tops, an' nobody with me but this 'ere ol' Marier Jane (his rifle) the hull trip to the Swegache country. Gol' ding my pictur'! It seemed as if the wind were a-tryin' fer to rub it off the slate. It were a pesky wind that kep' a-cuffin' me an' whistlin' in the briers on my face an' crackin' my coat-tails. I were lonesome—lonesomer'n a he-bear—an' the cold grabbin' holt o' all ends o' me so I had to stop an' argue 'bout whar my bound'ry-lines was located like I were York State. Cat's blood an' gunpowder! I had to kick an' scratch to keep my nose an' toes from gittin'—brittle."

At this point, Solomon Binkus paused to give his words a chance "to sink in." The silence which followed was broken only by the crack of burning faggots and the sound of the night wind in the tall pines above the gorge. Before Mr. Binkus resumes his narrative, which, one might know by the tilt of his head and the look of his wide open, right eye, would soon happen, the historian seizes the opportunity of finishing his introduction. He had been the best scout in the army of Sir Jeffrey Amherst. As a small boy he had been captured by the Senecas and held in the tribe a year and two months. Early in the French and Indian war, he had been caught by Algonquins and tied to a tree and tortured by hatchet throwers until rescued by a French captain. After that his opinion of Indians had been, probably, a bit colored by prejudice. Still later he had been a harpooner in a whale boat, and in his young manhood, one of those who had escaped the infamous massacre at Fort William Henry when English forces, having been captured and disarmed, were turned loose and set upon by the savages. He was a tall, brawny, broad-shouldered, homely-faced man of thirty-eight with a Roman nose and a prominent chin underscored by a short sandy throat beard. Some of the adventures had put their mark upon his weathered face, shaven generally once a week above the chin. The top of his left ear was missing. There was a long scar upon his forehead. These were like the notches on the stock of his rifle. They were a sign of the stories of adventure to be found in that wary, watchful brain of his.

Johnson enjoyed his reports on account of their humor and color and he describes him in a letter to Putnam as a man who "when he is much interested, looks as if he were taking aim with his rifle." To some it seemed that one eye of Mr. Binkus was often drawing conclusions while the other was engaged with the no less important function of discovery.

His companion was young Jack Irons—a big la dof seventeen, who lived in a fertile valley some fifty miles northwest of Fort Stanwix, in Tryon county, New York. Now, in September, 1768, they were traveling ahead of a band of Indians bent on mischief. The latter, a few days before, had come down Lake Ontario and were out in the bush somewhere between the lake and the new settlement in Horse Valley. Solomon thought that they were probably Hurons, since they, being discontented with the treaty made by the French, had again taken the warpath. This invasion, however, was a wholly unexpected bit of audacity. They had two captives—the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare, who had been spending a few weeks with Major Duncan and his Fifty-fifth regiment, at Oswego. The colonel had taken these ladies of his family on a hunting trip in the bush. They had had two guides with them, one of whom was Solomon Binkus. The men had gone out in the early evening after moose and imprudently left the ladies in camp, where the latter had been captured. Having returned, the scout knew that the only possible explanation for the absence of the ladies was Indians, although no peril could have been more unexpected. He had discovered by "the sign" that it was a large band traveling eastward. He had set out by night to get ahead of them while Hare and his other guide started for the fort. Binkus knew every mile of the wilderness and had canoes hidden near its bigger waters. He had crossed the lake, on which his party had been camping, and the swamp at the east end of it and was soon far ahead of the marauders. A little after daylight, he had picked up the boy, Jack Irons, at a hunting camp on Big Deer Creek, as it was then called, and the two had set out together to warn the people in Horse Valley, where Jack lived, and to get help for a battle with the savages.

It will be seen by his words that Mr. Binkus was a man of imagination, but—again he is talking.

"I were on my way to a big Injun Pow-wow at Swegache fer Sir Bill—ayes it were in Feb'uary, the time o' the great moon o' the hard snow. Now they be some good things 'bout Injuns but, like young brats, they take natr'al to devilry. Ye may have my hide fer sole luther if ye ketch me in an Injun village with a load o' fire-water. Some Injuns is smart, an' gol ding their pictur's! they kin talk like a catbird. A skunk has a han'some coat an' acts as cute as a kitten but all the same, which thar ain't no doubt o' it, his friendship ain't wuth a dam. It's a kind o' p'ison. Injuns is like skunks, if ye trust 'em they'll sp'ile ye. They eat like beasts an' think like beasts, an' live like beasts, an' talk like angels. Paint an' bear's grease, an' squaw-fun, an' fur, an' wampum, an' meat, an' rum, is all they think on. I'e et their vittles many a time an' I'm obleeged to tell ye it's hard work. Too much hair in the stew! They stick their paws in the pot an' grab out a chunk an' chaw it an' bolt it, like a dog, an' wipe their hands on their long hair. They brag 'bout the power o' their jaws, which I ain't denyin' is consid'able, havin' had an ol' buck bite off the top o' my left ear when I were tied fast to a tree which—you hear to me—is a good time to learn Injun language 'cause ye pay 'tention clost. They ain't got no heart er no mercy. How they kin grind up a captive, like wheat in the millstuns, an' laugh, an' whoop at the sight o' his blood! Er turn him into smoke an' ashes while they look on an' laugh—by mighty!—like he were singin' a funny song. They'd be men an' women only they ain't got the works in 'em. Suthin' missin' By the hide an' horns o' the devil! I aint got no kind o' patience with them mush hearts who say that Amerikey belongs to the noble red man an' that the whites have no right to bargain fer his land. Gol ding their pictur's! Ye might as well say that we hain't no right in the woods 'cause a lot o' bears an' painters got there fust, which I ain't a-sayin' but what bears an' painters has their rights."

Mr. Binkus paused again to put another coal on his pipe. Then he listened a moment and looked up at the rocks above their heads, for they were camped in a cave at the mouth of which they had built a

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U. S. OFFICERS TAKE SPIRITS FROM BRITISH

Remove Liquor Stocks From Two Liners Carried to Test Three-Mile Limit Ruling.

After two days reflection and two false starts the United States Saturday smashed the British government seals placed on the liquor stocks which the steamships Baltic and Berengaria brought into New York port to test the treasury department ruling that no ocean liner may cross America's three-mile line with bar supplies for the east-bound voyage.

By nightfall there had been removed from the Baltic all linquid supplies which Dr. E. K. Sprague, chief of the United States public health service, considered in excess of medical needs and it was announced that surplus wet goods also would be taken from the Berengaria. The liquor seized was trucked to government warehouses.

Captains of both vessels entered formal protests at the breaking of their government's seals, but put no obstacle in the path of confiscating officials.

Captain Makes Protest.

Captain John Roberts, the Baltic's commander, lodged the following protest against breaking of British seals by American customs officers and the seizure of the ship's liquor.

"I, J. Roberts, master of the British steamship Baltic, of Liverpool, protest against the breaking of the British customs seals and the seizure by the United States customs authorities of the ship's stores of wine and liquor held under seal on board this ship for consumption exclusively outside of the territorial waters of the United States."

Uncle Sam was slow in delivering his punch. Twice he raised his fist against those who had defied his prohibition laws, and twice he lowered it while his executives held pariey.

Orders Are Conflicting.

Conflicting orders reigned on the water front before the seizure was made, and in the meanwhile the French liner Paris steamed into harbor with a maritime cellor well stocked for the homeward voyage. Indications were that even more trouble would accumulate later when more liners will arrive carrying liquor across the three-mile limit.

Churches of Chicago Add to Membership

As the result of the annual Spring evangelistic campaign 40,394 new members were added to the Protestant churches of Chicago this Spring, says Walter R. Mee, secretary of the Chicago Church federation.

Lutherans, with 175 churches reporting to the federation, had the largest increase, Mr. Mee said, approximating near 10,000. The Methodist increase was 9,099 and the

Artist and Engineer Are Wedded Secretly

The secret marriage of Neysa McMein, talented young artist, noted for her magazine cover paintings, to John G. Baragwanath, mining engineer, has been revealed.

She left for Europe unaccompanied, May 19, the day after her wedding. Her husband later left for Newfoundland, but joined her abroad. The marriage took place in Peekskill, N. Y.

Britain Increases Building of Ships

The shipbuilding industry of Great Britain is showing a marked contrast to the dullness prevailing a year ago.

The British India Co. has let contracts for 16 oil-burning vessels, aggregating approximately 162,000 gross tons, including two steamers of 21,000 tons each. The fleet will be used for the Indian mail and freight servxice.

NATION'S EXECUTIVE TAKES BIG PROBLEMS TO CITIZENS OF U. S.

Nature's Furnace Roars

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

THIS is a view of Mt. Etna, in Italy, which has been belching forth fire and smoke and hurling molten lava down upon the peaceful farms and vineyards of the peasants, burying towns in its path.

ETNA SUBSIDES, TOWN IS SAVED

$10,000,000 Damage Is Toll of Italian Volcano in Eruption.

Mount Etna's eruption waned in fury last week until there was only a small trickle of lava advancing at the rate of six yards an hour. Rumblings could still be heard in the interior of the volcano with an occasional explosion.

Army aviators, who flew over the crater through clouds of black smoke and sickening fumes, reported that lava was flowing from only some of the half dozen fissures that had opened since the eruption began.

Although the agricultural loss is put at $10,000,000, King Victor Emmanuel, who investigated on the scene, informed the authorities the catastrophe was less appalling than first believed. The slowness of the lava advance enabled all persons in the threatened communities to leave safely.

Linguaglossa was saved as though by a miracle. At latest reports the lava was 900 yards distant from the center of the town.

A black pall of smoke and poisonous fumes hangs over the countryside. Troops are having difficulty to prevent peasants from returning to the evacuated villages. Already some of the peasants have returned to their homes and are breaking up the cold lava congealed over their fields.

U. S. Power Output Reaches High Peak

It would require 21,000,000 horses working 10 hours a day, 300 working days a year, to furnish the equivalent of the power produced in 1922 by the electric light and power industry of the country, says the Indiana committee on public utility information.

Last year, the committee says, electric light and power companies delivered 65,000,000,000 horsepower hours of energy to their customers. During the year there was a tremendous increase in power plant facilities. If the nation's power demands are fully met it will be necessary to double existing equipment within the next five years.

Villagers in Fight for Holy Staff on Fiery River Brink

A fight for the miraculous staff of St. Egidio in the path of Etna's river of creeping death was described by a Central News dispatch. On learning that the faithful of Linguaglossa were carrying the holy staff, which is supposed to possess the divine power to halt the lava flow, in a procession toward the mountain, villagers of Castiglione marched to Linguaglossa and seized the staff, hoping to save their own town.

The struggle was so alarming that military forces were called out, but in the meantime a bishop arrived and took possession of the staff.

Many of the refugees were carrying umbrellas to shield them from the rain of burning ashes.

FISH SHORTAGE LATEST CLOUD OVER GERMANY

Labor Trouble Threatens Fishing Industry of Germany On High Seas.

Germany's food situation is further threatened by a shortage of fish, it was revealed in Hamburg at a meeting of the association of German fish retailers. Announcement was made that the Reich's entire high seas fishing industry may be idle soon because of labor difficulties.

The delegates were told that 85 per cent of the operating expenses of the fisheries were being met in foreign currencies. The depreciation of the mark, it was said, makes this extremely expensive and already half of the steamers engaged in fishing on the high seas have been laid up.

Members of the crews refuse to accept a reduction in the percentage they receive from their catches. The retailers were informed that unless an agreement is reached soon all the fishing craft will have to remain in port, thus resulting in a serious situation.

HARDING FREES U. S. PRISONERS

President Shortens Sentences for Score of War Law Convicts.

Immediate release of more than a score of federal prisoners convicted of violating war laws, but with continued detention of almost as many more, was ordered last week by President Harding before going on his western trip.

The President acted on 158 pardon and commutation cases, a record breaking numbers in the opinion of department of justice officials. He granted 30 conditional and 14 unconditional commutations, one full pardon, restored civil rights to 27 former prisoners and denied 84 applications for pardons or commutations. He ordered also remission of fines in two cases.

Interest centered in the cases of those convicted of violating the espionage, draft and other war laws, whose applications had been pressed by various organizations and persons of prominence. These numbered 48, but denied applications including a group of 20 alleged members of the Industrial Workers of the World, convicted in Sacramento, Calif. Two convicted there, however, had their sentences commuted conditional on their deportation.

Sentences of 22 I. W. W. members, convicted in the celebrated Chicago trials and sent to the Leavenworth penitentiary, were commuted to expire at once. Three of four I. W. W. members convicted in Wichita, Kas., received commutations.

In addition to the cases growing out of war law violations, the President's orders included clemency for many other prisoners convicted of offenses ranging from bigamy to bootlegging and including violations of the mail fraud, Mann white slave, bribery and other statutes.

Russ Boycott Swiss as Slaying Protest

As a result of the assassination of Vaslav Vorovsky, Soviet representative at the Lausanne peace conference, Russia has decided to boycott Switzerland. A decree of the council of commissars instructs Russian plenipotentiaries and consuls aboard to refuse visas to Swiss subjects, excepting workmen desiring to enter Russia. All business deals with the Swiss are to be cancelled and the initiation of new commercial negotiations is forbidden.

Fraud Order Names Mexican Paper Firm

A fraud order was issued by the postoffice department against J. M. Luna & Co., at Orizaba, Mexico, who are charged with subscribing for American newspapers by the wholesale and selling them in Mexico for wrapping paper.

The complaint said the company entered subscriptions with various papers for 50 copies daily and 75 on Sundays, with a promise of payment by check to be drawn upon a bank in Canada.

S. S. Teacher Saves 2 and Is Drowned

After assisting two girls of her Sunday school class to reach shore safely, Miss Alice Shanks, 38, dropped exhausted into the Chagrin river at Bentleyville, Ohio, and was drowned. Miss Shanks had her Sunday school class at her Summer cottage for a day's outing.

She also was a teacher at the S. East Technical high school.

Engineering Forces Ask Wage Increase

Upward revision of wages for engineering forces of 15 to 18 per cent was proposed to the shipping board by a committee representing the Marine Engineers' Beneficial association. The changes under the association's request would become effective July 1 when the agreement now in operation expires.

BETTER DAY ON WAY, PRESIDENT TELLS FARMERS

Harding Tours West, Speaking on Farm Questions, Prohibition, Transportation, World Court.

Prediction of a better day was the message that President Harding carried to the farmers of the country in his speech in the great agricultural state of the nation, Kansas, last week, the third address of his western trip.

"Clearly we are through the worst of the depression and reasonably can expect gradual improvement," declared the chief executive at Hutchinson.

His first address was in St. Louis, advocating a world court, his second was at Kansas City on the transportation problem, his third to the farmers and his fourth in Denver on the determination of the federal government to enforce the prohibition law.

President Harding became a farmer again while in Hutchinson, Kan., for an eight-hour visit. He drove a binder, he shocked wheat, he talked with farmers about their problems and he delivered an address on the agricultural situation.

The President delivered his address at the fair grounds before an audience that filled to capacity a grandstand said to hold 10,000 persons. He began with a word as "to the wonderland of Kansas."

The fact that the chief magistrate of the United States "can visit safely and be heartily welcomed in every part of the country is the best proof of the value of American ideals of liberty," Governor Davis declared in introducing President Harding.

"Ours is a liberty defined by law," Governor Davis added.

"Its perpetuity will depend upon our steadfast adherence to the maxim that 'obedience to law is liberty.'"

President Harding brought to the agricultural Middle West a meaage of optimism with a prediction that the worst of the post-war depression had passed and that gradual improvement could be reasonably expected.

Legislation Is Reviewed.

In an address devoted to discussion of the agricultural situation, the chief executive reviewed the measures taken by the government to aid the farmers, placing at the fore front the farm credits legislation enacted by the last congress. This legislation when carried out, he declared, "will be capable of furnishing the American farmers, for the first time in the history of agriculture in any country, adequate investment and working capital on terms as favorable as those accorded to commerce and industry." Furthermore, he said, it will tend to restore fair prices for farm products and aid the farmer in lifting debts incurred during the period of depression.

"I confess a frank pride in the government's part in bettering a situation against which you justly complained and which all the people of the nation deplored," the President told his audience in this agricultural state. "The co-operation of all the governmental agencies, and with them the co-operation of the fine forces of leadership which the great national farm organizations have developed, made it possible to secure a measure of helpful results in this department of our endeavors, which has been especially gratifying.

"Moreover, it has found prompt reflection in the improved status of every agricultural concern. We have been officially informed that owing to improved conditions the farm products of the country for 1922 were worth $2,000,000,000 more than they were in 1921. Clearly, we are through the worst of the depression and can reasonably expect gradual improvement.

Balance Is Restored.

"The balance within the industry, as between live stock and grain production, has been restored. While the war lasted there was no possibility of overproduction of such staples as wheat and cotton, for example; and when peace suddenly burst upon the world, the farmer had plans for a long future which he could not readjust instantly.

"No human wisdom could possibly have foretold the course that would be taken by supplies and demand; and it is as futile as it is obvious to us now to say that wisdom would have dictated at least a less precipitate policy in removing the war-time restrictions and guidance in dealing with some aspects of production and distribution.

"When the present administration came into responsibility, agriculture was in the lowest ebb of depression. The immediate need was for measures to meet an emergency. There was urgent call to keep open and so far as possible, enlarge our foreign markets, and this was accomplished by a prompt policy of placing the necessary credits at the disposal of those engaged in finding foreign markets for our foodstuffs, by arresting and reversing the drastic deflation which had the seeming, under the former administration, of being aimed especially at the destruction of agriculture's prosperity; by recalling the war finance corporation from the state of suspended animation, giving it a credit of $1,000,000,000 in government funds, and recommissioning it to afford relief to the American farmer. The wisdom of this action was demonstrated by results.

Millions Are Loaned.

"Four hundred million dollars have been loaned by this institution, three-fourths of it to the farming and live stock interests. At the same

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WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

PRESIDENT HARDING, on his way to Alaska, has been talking to the folks on some of the issues that are before the country. He has found out how they feel about this and that.

No President has ever visited Alaska and come in direct contact with its resources and measured its possibilities first-hand. As a matter of truth, only a small per cent of the American people have thought much of that vast territory, and the average mind has accepted it as a frozen and undesirable country. It has been left very much to the politicians.

At the time the United States bought Alaska from Russia for $7,200,000 the government was criticized for its profligacy. Think of that! Henry Ford could write his check for the price paid for the whole territory without creating a ripple in his bank account. The purchase was made following the close of the Civil war, upon the recommendation of Secretary of State Seward. The transaction was called "Seward's Folly."

OUT OF "Seward's Folly" $400,000,000 has already been realized in fish, fur, timber and gold, and the resources of the country have been no more than tapped. Miners claim that at least $500,000,000 worth of gold is in sight. Of other mineral wealth there is coal, iron, copper, lead, patroleum and marble.

Through Alaska the Russians are among our "next-door neighbors." Sitka, Alaska, was a manufacturing and shipbuilding town before San Francisco was thought of. The whole history of this vast territory reads like a romance.

It is little wonder that the President has become thrilled with the idea of visiting one of our practically unknown territories, to take his own measure of its possibilities and see what can be done to bring about its further development.

THIS IS a tremendous country. Let your mind run over the map, starting on the eastern coast, to Washington — from where the President started—and follow him to his objective, to what the Indians called "the great land." Then consider the diversified interests of the people.

Is it not surprising that the President is finding that the big questions in the minds of Americans are domestic. He started with a set of prepared speeches. At St. Louis on the world court, at Kansas City concerning the railroads and the problems of transportation, in Kansas on agriculture.

At St. Louis the President must have discovered that the people are not feverishly anxious concerning his proposed world court. He presented the subject well, and eloquently. But it seemed his eloquence alone won him his greatest outbursts of approval, not the subject on which he spoke.

PERHAPS it is not surprising to find a people who are busy with the matter of growing crops and getting them to market with a margin of profit lacking in enthuiasm over the question of helping to restore self-destroying European nations. It has not been three years since they expressed themselves on that point with an overwhelming vote. What has happened to change their minds?

Mr. Harding found a more enthusiastic people when he reached Kansas City and talked railroads and transportation. He was given a great reception by that city, in which Mrs. Harding shared. As in his early days as an editor, Mrs. Harding is always with her husband, to glory in his successes when he succeeds or to accept a part of the burden of his disappointments when he fails.

AS A FARM HAND the President had a good time in Hutchinson county, the heart of the Kansas wheat country. He operated a traction-pulled binder, and the reports say he did it all right. He shocked wheat, "the Ohio way," but the farmer-governor of Kansas said that was not their way.

The day was hot and the President sweat, but at the end of his work he got some cold figures from Mr. Neal, the man who owned the wheat he had helped to harvest. The executive head of the nation was told the cost of raising wheat.

On an acre Neal pays $5 interest charge; $1.50 for plowing; 25 cents for harrowing; 88 cents for drilling; $2.50 for cutting; $2.25 for threshing; 72 cents for hauling; 85 cents for seed, and $1.40 for taxes—$13.40.

PRESIDENT HARDING left the wheat field reflecting on this dialogue with the farmer:

"How much do you get for your wheat?" asked the President.

"Eighty-five cents a bushel," replied Mr. Neal.

"Why, the price of wheat the other day on the Chicago market was $1.25."

"Yes. But we must deduct from that 22 cents a bushel for freight, the commission for the merchant who buys our wheat and for other things," said Neal. "All we get is 85 cents."

"How many bushels to the acre?" the President asked.

"We figure about eighteen bushels, but it won't run that."

Mr. Harding used his pencil. Eighteen bushels at 85 cents a bushel would net the farmer $15.30. Subtract the cost of production, $13.40, and the farmer has a margin of $1.90. The President didn't think that was very big.

"IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD."—We want here to call the attention of readers to a mighty interesting serial story the Blade is going to print, beginning with this issue. It is by Irving Bacheller, the author of the Lincoln story, "A Man for the Ages."

"In the Days of Poor Richard" is a historical novel. Mr. Bacheller has written true to the Revolutionary period, has kept faith with the spirit of the time, and has brought home to our minds the atmosphere in which Washington, Franklin and Hamilton lived and worked for the freedom and upbuilding of this great nation.

We believe our readers, and especially our younger readers, should have these early events in our history put before them in as fascinating manner as possible. We cannot read them with full appreciation without becoming more enthusiastic Americans.

IRELAND NOW IS AT PEACE

Bombs Planted in Public Places Wrecked Cause of Irregulars.

Peace has arrived in Ireland. There have been a few occasional shots but these have only been a reminder of what has been, and the Republicans are not seriously carrying on the fight. They were beaten months ago, it is said, and their leaders were only struggling to carry on the bluff to get Cosgrave and the Free State ministers to make a form of compromise. Probably the worst threat that the government had to deal with was the one made by the De Valeraites to close places of amusement.

That was not so much a threat to the government as it was to the people. The intention was to bully the masses by intimidation of the bomb, the pistol and the mine.

Government Protects Theaters.

The cinema people complied with the order on the first night, but the government took drastic action immediately and ordered them to remain open.

When De Valera ordered the cessation of hostilities it was more from necessity than a generous desire for peace. The De Valeraites were beaten and had not the men nor the heart to carry on the fight.

Ireland Prepares for Election.

Ireland is preparing for a general election. It is expected that Cosgrave will dissolve the Dail in July and that the new Dail will assemble in September. Who will form the new government? Cork is 99 per cent Free State, and De Valera himself has hardly a ghost of a chance of retaining his seat in County Clare. After the last election it was thought probable that a labor government was a certainty in the near future. Under the leadership of Thomas Johnson they became the second strongest party, but both in tactics and speech they proved themselves ineffective.

Cosgrave Expected to Retire.

There is a likelihood that Cosgrave will retire as soon as he has completed the task of putting the Free State on its feet. He has been in ill health and has only been kept in office by patriotic motives and so that the task that Griffith and Michael Collins set out to complete would eventually be accomplished. Should Cosgrave retire, he will be succeeded by Kevin O'Higgins, who is now home minister. O'Higgins, who is barely over 30, has in the space of 12 months or so worked himself into the forefront of Irish politics.

STANDARD GRAIN PRICE OPPOSED

Wheat Conference Votes Against Government Guarantee.

The National Wheat conference, inaugurated by governors of seven producing states in an effort to stabilize the wheat growing industry adjourned after refusing to go on record in favor of a government price guarantee for the commodity.

The conference effected a permanent organization, known as the Wheat Council of America, to be presided over by a board of directors and executive committee. The council will attempt to arrive at a solution of economic problems in wheat production and distribution.

The meeting went on record for the present tariff on wheat and urged extension of waterway development and co-operative marketing.

The following were named to the first board of directors of the National Wheat council:

Daniel A. Wallace, Minnesota, publisher and brother of the secretary of agriculture; Julius Fleischmann, Cincinnati, president of the Fleischmann Yeast Co.; Alexander Legge, president of the International Harvester Co.; F. Edson White, president of Armour and Co.; H. E. Byram, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad; George C. Jewett, Portland, Ore., general manager of the American Wheat Growers, associated Inc.; Robert W. Bingham, Louisville, Ky., publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal; Alexander Taggart, president of the Taggart Baking Co., Indianapolis; Sydney Anderson, representative from Minnesota, and O. E. Bradfute, president of the American Farm Bureau federation.

Peach Crop Short, U. S. Bureau States

Peaches will be less plentiful by about 10,000,000 bushels this year, judging from the forecast of conditions on June 1, the vegetable review of the federal bureau of agricultural economics states. Spring frosts generally delayed the early peach crop picking and damaged the fruit, but a fairly good crop of the late varieties is anticipated.

The total peach crop is estimated at 46,525,000 bushels.

Drives out the catarrhal poisons, dispels the inflamation of the mucous linings and reinforces the system against disease.

For safety take Pe-ru-na during hot weather.

Tablets or Liquid
Sold Everywhere

South Sea Jewelry

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

WHEN Edward A. Salisbury, American explorer, returned from a three-year sojourn in the South Seas with a crew of college men he brought back souvenirs of the trip, including the silver earrings and gold dagger shown in the photograph. The purpose of his trip was to explore and gather material from unknown islands.

WORLD COURT IN '76 WOULD HAVE KEPT U.S. COLONY, HOOSIER SAYS

America would still be a part of the British empire had the matters seemingly in dispute between Great Britain and her American colonies been submitted to an international court, former Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, said in an address at the Bunker Hill day banquet of General Officers, Sons of the Revolution, in Boston.

As a mere matter of then existing law, he added, nearly every point "must and would have been decided against America; and even as a matter of equity, we would have been held in the wrong on important issues; for instance, the British government having defended the colonies against the French, it was only fair that the colonies should bear their just part of the expense."

"If anybody denied that an international court must and would have decided against us in the beginning, can anybody doubt that such a tribunal, or any form of peace league, must and would have held us to be in the wrong when we scorned the British advances in 1778?" Mr. Beveridge asked.

Ground for Denunciation.

"If the founding of a separate and absolutely an independent nation was not the end really fought for, then, after 1778, the British had solid ground for their bitter denunciation of Washington and the American patriots for continuing the war. Any international court must and would have decided against us, and if any association of nations for the maintenance of peace had then existed, it would have been bound to support the British and suppress the Americans.

"Today all the ancient international devices that ever have been advanced—and every one of them has been urged many times in the past—are once more put forward as though they were something new. Without discussing the merits of these age-old plans, this basic fact may be pointed out: Every one of them has as its object, purpose, and, if successful, its admitted effect, the maintenance of the status quo of the world.

"So in passing upon any or all of these schemes, let us have clearly in mind that the simple issue is whether the American nation wishes to pledge itself to help keep all European and Asiatic boundaries and arrangements as they are."

Warns Against Propaganda.

Warning against foreign propaganda, which he described as America's greatest danger, Mr. Beveridge said:

"It operates through 'society,' the pulpit, the stage, the screen, the lecture platform and some make so bold as to say that even the American press has been invaded."

FOURTH ESTATE UPHOLDS LIBERTY

Press Is Fact-Painter's Foe, Rotary International Told by Editor.

A free press nation is the champion of national independence as well as of individual liberty if it is loyal to the moral obligations imposed by its political rights, James T. Williams, Jr., editor of the Boston Transcript, said in an address before the fourteenth annual convention of Rotary International.

A free press is the enemy of propaganda "that paints the fair face of truth for the purpose of deceiving those who seek the truth," he said.

"To find the facts, to publish the facts, is its primary function, its constant responsibility and its imperative duty. To interpret the facts, to stimulate thought about them, to provoke discussion, to reflect opinion, to direct opinion, to organize opinion—all these things a free press must strive to do in addition, if it would be a teacher, an interpreter and a leader.

$150,000 FOR INSULIN STUDY

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Makes Gift to 15 Hospitals to Treat Diabetes.

A gift of $150,000 to be distributed among 15 hospitals in the United States and Canada to promote the use of insulin in the treatment of diabetes, was announced recently by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The hospitals are in all sections of the country.

The purpose of the gifts, Mr. Rockefeller said, would be to increase the number of free ward patients who could be treated with insulin and to teach physicians in general practice the proper methods of employing insulin in the treatment of diabetes.

The period during which the sums should be expended was not specified, but was left to the discretion of the hospital authorities. The hospitals, which were selected by a committee headed by Dr. Simon Flexner, are:

Ann Arbor, Mich., university hospital; Baltimore, Johns Hopkins hospital; Boston, New England Deaconess hospital; Chicago, Presbyterian hospital; Cleveland, Lakeside hospital; Iowa City, university hospital; Montreal, Royal Victoria hospital; New Orleans, Touro infirmary; New York, Presbyterian hospital; Morristown, N. J., Psychiatrist institute; St. Louis, Barnes hospital; San Francisco, Lane hospital; Toronto, hospital for sick children; Toronto general hospital and University of Toronto Banting-Best fund.

With the exception of the Presbyterian hospital in New York, which will receive $15,000 and the University of Toronto Banting-Best fund, which will receive $5,000, the gifts were of $10,000 each.

NAVY WILL SEEK 8 NEW VESSELS

Submarines Are Included With Cruisers in Plans for Building.

Eight cruisers will be added to the 10 vessels of that class now in process of delivery for the navy, if the budget bureau and congress, in turn, accept the recommendations of a building program to be presented by the navy department at the next session.

In addition, th program, as announced by Secretary Denby, calls for three cruiser submarines and four river gunboats, the latter to be used to replace the old vessels now assigned to the Chinese river patrol.

Secretary Denby said that the general board had been instructed to consider plans for the cruisers that will give the navy the most efficient vessel of that type within the 10,000-ton limitation fixed by the four power naval treaties.

It is regarded as certain that general board plans for the three cruiser submarines will give the American navy submersible craft of greater tonnage than any now in use by any power. As to the type to be recommended, however, no hint has been made public by the department.

Narcotic Violators Increase Arrests

A sharp increase in the number of arrests in California during the last four months, due largely to the anti-narcotic crusade and police activities against the I. W. W., is noted by C. S. Morrill, superintendent of the state bureau of criminal identification and investigation.

A total of 7,009 arrests was reported to the state crime bureau during the four-month period, as against 5,390 in the last four months of 1922.

HAYNES MAY BE ASKED TO QUIT

Sale of Rights to Dry Book Will Cause Chief Trouble.

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes may be invited to resign unless he abandons his plan of selling to newspapers serial rights to a book he is writing, reviewing "Inside" workings of prohibition enforcement.

Although Internal Revenue Commissioner Blair, his immediate superior, is silent and other high government officials refuse to discuss the matter for publication, they are known to entertain the feeling that Haynes syndicate scheme would be in very bad taste if not positively wrong.

Haynes is said to have offered the serial rights to his book to newspapers through a syndicate concern for the flat sum of $1,500.

Several administration heads have expressed the opinion that if Haynes intends to exploit the information he has gained from his position he should first resign. Others declare that if this information is such that the public should have, Haynes, being a public official, should make it available free of charge to all newspapers. This attitude is said to have been taken by several newspapers which turned down the offer.

Haynes' book is understood to expose the schemes of big bootleggers, whisky rings and rum runners; tells of attempts to bribe and otherwise influence prohibition agents and in general explain the difficulties he is up against in enforcing prohibition.

Haynes admits he is writing a book, but refuses to discuss it or his syndicating plans.

KING OF COCA COLA, AT AGE OF 73, WEDS

35-Year-Old Bride's Twins, Her Parents, His Grandchildren See Ceremony.

In the presence of his own children and grandchildren, Asa G. Chandler, "Coca Cola King," 73, and Mrs. May Little Ragin, 35, a public stenographer, were married June 20. Mrs. Ragin's twin daughters, 10 years old, together with the parents of the bride, also were in attendance.

Immediately after the ceremony, which took place at Emory university, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler left for Washington, D. C., on their honeymoon.

Mrs. Ragin became a stenographer soon after her husband died two years ago and met Chandler.

As the ceremony was concluded one of Mr. Chandler's grandchildren pinned a white carnation on his coat lapel. Among the first to extend congratulations were the bridgegroom's three brothers.

Mrs. Chandler was born in Sparta, Ga.

BIG METEORITE FALLS IN INDIA

Three Materials Make Up Substance of Huge Celestial Body.

The population of Quetta, India, was startled recently when a large meteorite crashed into a great pile of straw with a roar like an express train.

The meteorite fell at 2:30 P. M. A heavy thunderstorm was in progress and a house near which the celestial visitor dropped was razed by a lightning bolt.

Many layers of thickly-packed straw were penetrated by the meteorite, which traveled at tremendous speed. It struck at an angle of 45 degrees and came from a westerly direction.

The substance of the meteorite appear to include three classes of material. First there is a dull, slate-grey igneous rock, fairly heavy and marked with spots and veins of dark turquoise blue; second, a quantity of jet-black, highly-glazed lava, with numerous air pockets and turquoise veins, and third, a material resembling grey coke in appearance and weight.

TAFT ASKS YALE TO SET EXAMPLE

Chief Justice Pleads for Return to Anglo-Saxon Respect for Law.

Pleading for a return to "Anglo-Saxon respect for law," Chief Justice William H. Taft told his fellow alumni at the Yale university alumni luncheon that it was the special duty of those charged with leadership and influence to set aside their personal likes and dislikes and to support the law. He referred particularly to prohibition which he said had become important because it served as a test of the principle of observance of all law.

Mr. Taft declared prohibition has been legally adopted by a majority and that there was not the slightest indication that the Eighteenth amendment would be repealed.

"I was opposed to prohibition," Mr. Taft said. "I felt it was sumptuary legislation, hard to enforce and that it would enlarge the duties of the central government, already too burdened. I felt that with prohibition an unsettled issue other issues would not well be dealt with because of extremes on one side or the other but the vote was against me and these who felt as I did. Now that the law is there, I claim to play the game."

Flapper Man Coming

Physicians assert that the time is coming when men will wear their clothing as loose as "flappers" do now, and they will be healthier as a result.

Butcher Shop to Bridge

Bill Higgins

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

FROM wielding a cleaver in a Boston butcher shop to issuing commands from the bridge of the giant Leviathan is the record of "Bill" Higgins, second officer of the queen of the sea. Higgins entered sea service since the war, studying navigation, being rated a third mate, commissioned an ensign in the navy and then serving as officer on the Mongolia for six years.

PEACE IS GOAL, HUGHES ASSERTS

U. S. Secretary Makes Plea for World Court at Commencement.

The permanent court of international justice constitutes a tribunal with standards "that conform to our highest courts," Secretary Hughes said in Hanover, N. H., speaking at the annual gathering in connection with commencement exercises at Dartmouth college.

"In our foreign relations we desire peace, security and co-operation," said the secretary. "Would that the spirit of America had one voice, one message, but there is a babel of voices, a confusion of tongues. If danger threatens us, we happily stand united; but when we are least concerned as to our own safety we are most divided in our counsels. But allowing for all the inevitable differences, is it too much to expect that we should have one controlling voice, one dominant message as to the fundamentals? We are intent on peace, and because of this the United States can never refuse its support to institutions of justice.

"We recognize that there are two classes of controversies which may lead to strife. There are the conflicts of national interest of political expediency, of rival policies where there is no agreement, no recognized determining principle; no governing rule of law which may be invoked. Here we are bound to recognize the rights of other states, equal members of the family of nations, as we unfailing insist upon our own. It was said by one of our great statesmen that the foreign policy of the United States may be described as the Monroe doctrine and the golden rule. We shall achieve our highest aims of helpfulness when we think as much of the latter as we properly think of the former.

"There is no path to the millenium other than the path of justice, and if we discard the best attainable instrumentalities of justice, to that extent we invite the decisions of the sword. The true method of promoting international accord is to seek to avert the clash of interests by agreement and to have agreements fairly interpreted and carried out."

SON OF WEALTH IS MAKING GOOD

Jack Harriman Goes to Work for Model Wife Who Pines for Broadway

Young "Jack" Harriman and his beautiful wife, who was Alice Laidley, are impatiently enduring a self-imposed exile in the small town of Jackson, Tenn.

Harriman is making a game effort to demonstrate that a "son of wealth" can make good "on his own." And so far his efforts has met with success. His wife is bravely "carrying on" with him.

John Harriman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, married Miss Laidley, dancing girl and artist's model Aug. 12, 1922.

Miss Laidley is a daughter of William H. Laidley, a banker of Chicago, who has been dead several years. Harriman was a student at Princeton. Both gave their ages as 19.

The bride was not only a model for Howard Chandler Christy, but a friend of the Christys. She had looked upon them as her guardians. When she came to New York from her Chicago home in her early 'teens she brought with her a letter of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Christy and made her home with them in the Hotel Des Artistes.

Young Jack met Alice while making a call on the Christys. The Hotel Des Artistes has a swimming pool, and it was in the pool that Jack caught his first glimpse of the future Mrs. Harriman. Alice couldn't swim; John is an expert swimmer. So John taught her how to swim.

Life to Alice had been a beautiful young dream, with something interesting always happening. The climax had been her meeting with Jack, the thrilling romance and the marriage.

After the marriage, Jack Harriman was told by his family that he would have to "make good." To insure his safety from poverty they gave him an allowance of $200 a month.

Jack was game. He is doing well in the railroad business. But the little town of Jackson, Tenn., is a far cry from Broadway for Alice. She is lonesome for the lights of the Big City. Life is deadly dull for her, but she realizes that by sticking it out, she is able to show not only her husband but her husband's family that she really loves him and did not marry him for money.

BETTER DAY ON WAY, FARMERS ARE TOLD

Continued From Page One

time the emergency tariff measure was passed by which to secure the farmers home markets against the flood of competing articles from distant corners of the earth.

"The new tariff schedules saved for the American farmer a vitally important and gravely menaced home market. The resumption of the war finance operations, backed by the resources of the only government on earth that was able to summon such a credit, enabled the American farmer to compete for sales abroad."

The President enumerated other measures taken by the government to aid the farmer, including re-establishment on an active basis of the federal farm labor board, reduction of freight rates on farm products and legislation to facilitate co-operative marketing of farm products; to prevent harmful gambling in agricultural futures, to regulate and control the packing industries; to remove restriction upon the operation of the joint stock-land banks; to authorize formation of irrigation districts whereby the water-using settlers are brought together in association to conduct their relations with the federal government, and to extend the time on payments due from irrigation farmers to the government.

"If the recital of this long list of accomplishments in the farmers' behalf shall have seemed to suggest that Washington has been devoting itself with a special and perhaps a partial assiduity to the agricultural interests," Mr. Harding asserted, "I shall reply that the farmer has received nothing more than was coming to him; nothing more than he needed; nothing more than was good for him, and nothing that was not also good for all of our national interests, bound up as they are, in the nation-reaching mutuality of dependence and interdependence, I tell you frankly that I am proud to be able to come to you today and tell you of what has been done because in doing it we have served not only the farmer but everybody else in this land.

"But that is not all. I have reserved until the last what we may well appraise the crowning achievement of the entire list. I refer to the code of agricultural credit legislation known as the agricultural credit act of 1923, which became law in the closing days of the last congress. It has not been possible yet to perfect machinery for administering this act, but I do not hesitate to express confidence that this scheme of agricultural credits, taken in connection with the other enactments I have described, furnishes the basis for the most enlightened modern, sound and efficient scheme of agricultural finance that has been set up in any country, and will enable the farmer in no distant future to free himself from obstacles which have made it difficult heretofore to conduct farm operations upon a sound, businesslike basis.

Many Are Skeptical.

"Many persons have been inclined to be skeptical of benefits which might follow the enactment of legislation to give the farmer a better system of credit. They have said that the farmer needs better prices for his crops and live stock, rather than easier ways to borrow money. That is true, but these friends do not seem to understand that prices of crops and live stock are directly influenced by credit facilities.

"In the past farmers have been obliged to finance their productive enterprises by borrowing money for short terms. When times are good they have no difficulty in renewing these loans, but in periods of financial stress too many farmers have found themselves under the necessity of pushing their crops or their live stock on the market, not infrequently before the latter is fully fitted for market, in order to pay notes which they had expected to be able to renew, thus at times flooding the market and seriously depressing prices. Under a system of intermediate credit, administered with reference to the farmers' seasonal requirements, they should be able to market both their crops and live stock in a more orderly fashion, and this in itself will be a potent influence in keeping prices more stable and reasonable.

"I thoroughly agree that what is needed is fair prices, and I very well know that the farmer wants to get out of debt rather than to get further into debt. But it is my opinion that both these ends will be much more quickly accomplished through this new system of agricultural credits."

Cincinnati Only Municipality in Country That Owns a Railroad

Every citizen of the city of Cincinnati is part owner of a railroad.

The road, 338 miles in length and extending through three states—from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Tenn.—was constructed by the city thus becoming the property of all its citizens from the time the first rail was laid almost 50 years ago and it has remained the only railroad in the world owned by a municipality.

The line never was operated by the city. It was leased after its completion and now has become part of the trackage of the Southern Railway System.

Cincinnati, founded on the banks of the Ohio late in the 18th century immediately became one of the important river ports of the country. Busy river steamers, plying up and down the Ohio and Mississippi, cared for the commerce of the growing town.

Louisville Becomes Rival.

But this mode of transportation became unsatisfactory to Cincinnati's commerial ambitions. Other cities, Louisville especially, became rivals of the Queen city in supplying the needs of the South. Cincinnati needed a railroad which would give it access to Southern markets.

The idea of a railroad had its inception in the early "30s." It was discussed but the carrying out of plans was prevented by the financial panic of 1837, and the Civil war interrupted at a time when the second impetus was being gained.

After the war, however, E. O. Ferguson, a Cincinnati attorney, revived the idea and it was his proposal which finally resulted in the establishment of the road.

Dearth of Capital

Looking into the possibilities of construction the road in 1868, Ferguson found that there was a dearth of capital for such a project, and that because of a constitutional amendment, the city was prohibited from extending financial aid to any private company. Discouraged temporarily, he continued his investigation and later discovered that while the constitution prohibited the investment of city finances in a private project, it would not prevent the city's construction of the road itself. This discovery led directly to the establishment of the Cincinnati Southern.

The first step in the novel project was taken when, by a vote of the people, the city in 1872 approved the issuance of $10,000,000 in bonds to start the work.

Work on the road began in 1873 near Kings Mountain, Ky. Then came difficulties which taxed engineers and because they increased the cost of the project immensely, almost resulted in its being given up. The country through which the road was laid was rough and mountainous.

By 1876, the $10,000,000 appropriation had been exhausted and citizens became dubious as they saw large amounts of money being paid in interest on the bonds with no returns in sight. However, they approved a second bond issue of $6,000,000 and work proceeded. This amount, however, was exhausted in 1878, and the voters, discouraged, at first refused to ratify another bond issue. However, when the proposal was submitted for a second vote, $2,000,000 more was made available, and the project was completed at an approximate total cost of $18,000,000.

The road furnishes a large amount of revenue for the city, Mr. Porter declared. It brings in an annual rental of $1,100,000, of which $535,000 is required to satisfy the demands for interest and retirement of the $14,932,000 bonds outstanding, and the remainder goes to the interest fund of the city.

BOYS AND GIRLS ARE SACRIFICED

Never Fall Below Six During Year; Slavery Also Practiced.

Slavery and human sacrifices are still going on in some of the mountain districts of northern Burma, the annual report of the commissioner of the northeastern frontier, published by the government in Rangoon, states. It is in the Naga hills that the sacrifices take place. Attempts by the government to eradicate these practices have not yet succeeded. The redemption of slaves intended for sacrifice has only resulted in the use of money saved for a bigger and more expensive sacrifice later on.

By a recent investigation it was discovered that the number of human sacrifices in the Naga hills is never less than from six to 10 a year. Sometimes when funds are plentiful, the number in a year amounts to 20 or 30. The most common victims are Indian children, both boys and girls, kidnaped from Assam, although any kind of available slaves may be included in the slaughter. One Indian girl, who already had been marked for sacrifice by the Nagas, was recently released through government action.

At the time of the last government estimate there were 271 slaves in Hkampti, against 373 in the previous year. A few deaths of slaves had occurred but the reduction was mainly due to slaves redeeming themselves or being released voluntarily by their owners.

DEBT FUND PACT NOW A REALITY

Agreement Binds Great Britain to Repay War Time Loans.

The Anglo-American debt funding agreement providing for repayment to the United States by Great Britain of war time loans of $4,600,000,000 has been formally signed and began its life of 62 years June 19.

The attaching of the signatures to the indentures brought to an end negotiations that have extended over eight months and constitutes the first binding arrangement yet completed by the United States government under which repayments of its war time loans are to be carried out.

The treasury soon will receive and retain custody of the British government bonds which forms the security for the debt. One thousand bonds have been drawn, each for $4,600,000, and have been forwarded from London.

"My Rheumatism is gone—"

"THERE are thousands of you men and women, just like I once was—slaves to rheumatism, muscle pains, joint pains, and horrible stiffness. I had the wrong idea about rheumatism for years. I didn't realize that increasing blood-cells had this effect of completely knocking out rheumatic impurities from the system. That is why I began using S. S. S.! Today I have the strength I used to have years ago! I don't use my crutches any more." S. S. S. makes people talk about themselves the way it builds up their strength. Start S. S. S. today for that rheumatism. You'll feel the difference shortly.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL, who fled to Germany to escape trial in the United States as a draft evader, will surrender if he is guaranteed a civil trial, Erwin R. Bergdoll, his brother, declares. Erwin said his brother is unwilling to submit to a military trial.

A Belgian court martial sentenced five German burgomasters to terms of imprisonment from one to two months and fined them from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 marks for refusing to execute orders given by the military forces of occupation.

The American State bank, one of the strongest in Kansas, closed its doors last week following the discovery of the defalcation of $1,500,000 by Philip A. Drumm, cashier. He is said to have used the funds to invest heavily in oil properties.

A plan whereby the United States Grain Growers, Inc., an organization of farmers engaged in co-operative marketing, can obtain control and ultimate possession of the Armour Grain company with its entire organization and present executive personnel has been suggested by Bernard M. Baruch.

Discovery of a serum that accomplished a nearly positive cure of rheumatism, as has been proved from 5,000 actual tests, was announced recently by New York University Medical college. A small amount of the serum is injected at first and increased as the treatment is continued.

Four priests and a lay official of the Engleberg Catholic church, near Pocahontas, Ark., were wounded in a mysterious shotgun attack on the home of one of the priests after a church conference was concluded with a social affair.

Nightly bomb explosions which have been terrorizing residents of Lisbon, Portugal, more than two months are still as much a mystery as ever, although police have resorted to many drastic expedients to find the culprits.

Present migration of negroes from the South is a natural process which will result in good, James Hardy Dillard of Charlottesville, Va., said in an address at the Harvard alumni exercises. He declared the colored people are showing growth in holding property, in business and in supplying from their own ranks the professional needs of the race.

CAPTAIN RAOLD AMUNDSEN has abandoned his proposed flight across the North Pole by airplane. A trial flight on May 11 proved unsatisfactory. Amundsen planned to dash from Alaska above the pole and land in the Spitzbergen islands, 600 miles nyorth of Norway.

National convention of the Disabled American Veterans opened in Minneapolis on June 25.

Czecho-Slovakia has 50 political parties or factions, although the population is but 13,500,000. This is due to the admixture of races.

The Norris-Sinclair bill and other legislation directed toward "pooling" of grain and other farm products were assailed by speakers at the annual convention of the Ohio Grain Dealers' association in Cleveland last week.

A severe earthquake occurred the morning of June 16 in Verkhe-Udinsk, Siberia. It lasted 20 seconds.

Sumner I. Kimball, "father of the United States lifesaving service," died on June 21 at the age of 88.

Trading schooner Iskum of Tacoma, Wash., one of four vessels held at East Cape, Siberia, on charges of having violated criminal laws of Soviet Russian government, has been released temporarily.

Ten men, women and children were burned to death and others were injured by leaping from flaming windows when a moonshine still exploded and sent fire racing through a negro tenement house in Chicago last week.

The Wisconsin state senate has killed the Tucker bill which would have repealed the Severson state prohibition law. The vote was 19 to 12. The bill had previously passed the house.

The Prince of Wales has been voted the premier dancer of the world by the National Institute of Social Dancing, which announced recently it had sent him a number of new steps, one named in his honor.

Nominees of three major parties in Minnesota seeking the United States senatorship at the July 16 election, have begun active campaigns. The candidates nominated at a recent primary are A. O. Preus, Republican; Magnus Johnson, Farmer-Labor; James A. Carley, Democrat.

FRANCE refuses to reduce her army until she obtains decisive pledges of outside help in the event Germany goes to war again, it was said officially in Paris last week. France wants the members of the league of nations to sign a mutual aid pact.

Family stills remain sacred in Switzreland. The Swiss people have just rejected a federal law which would have made the manufacture of alcohol a state monopoly.

The cornerstone of the new 110-bed annex of the American hospital in Paris was laid at Neuilly with appropriate exercises in the presence of a large number of distinguished persons. The building will be in memory of the American soldiers who came to France during the war, especially those in the medical corps and the ambulance units.

A new world's altitude record in aviation was claimed for Sergeant Bury, a French military aviator, who ascended 10,700 meters. He was unconscious when the machine descended.

By an agreement signed by the director of the American Relief administration in Russia and the acting premier, the Soviet government assumes all claims which may be brought against the administration after the organization leaves Russia.

Although it is past the middle of June, England has been in the grip of a long cool spell. Frosts in the morning hours have worked havoc with the garden and fruit crops.

The reconditioned Leviathan, returning to New York on her trial cruise set a new steamship speed record of 28.64 knots an hour. The previous record held by the Mauretania was 27.5 knots an hour.

Two men were killed, one a member of President Harding's party in the West, and two more were injured when the automobile in which they were riding fell over a 75-foot embrankment near Denver.

One member of the New York curb market has been suspended for a year and another expelled for acts detrimental to the interests of the exchange.

Germany's coal exports to Italy and Holland have completely stopped because of the French seizure of the last railroad lines available to the Germans for that purpose.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

THE QUILT MAKER— Do We Have Them Now?

We well remember the days when we watched mother making quilts in the old log cabin which we called "home."

The "Crazy Quilt" or the "Log Cabin Quilt" were all on mother's program of making bed clothes in those days. Many times she would have to thread her needle to make one quilt. There used to be "quilting parties" in the neighborhood. The quilting frames or long sticks used to be part of the machinery used to make bed covers in the old days. We used to have to take our turn at knotting comforts. Boys could make themselves useful in many ways. Here and there we may still find some of these old style, hand-made bed covers. Often they go to the county fair and get a blue ribbon or first premium card. The young folks of today merely look at them. They seldom try to make them. Very few know how and do not care to learn. Modern machinery has made a lot of the old-time things and old-time ways unnecessary today and we are glad of it.

Many of these old-time bed covers were things of beauty. Our mothers were no slouches when it came to being artists and experts at this kind of work.

The mixing of colors, patterns and designs in some of these old-time quilts will excite the wonder and admiration of any real-for-sure man or woman today.

Here is a story which we find in the news of the day about a Kentucky farm lady who has done a lot of quilting and comforting:

"Mrs. Ella Aikman holds the record as a quilter in her locality, having in the past few years quilted 155 quilts, 52 comforts, using more than 300 spools of thread. Quilting for 7 different people in four states. In this time she has also pieced 23 quilts. She keeps a record of the date of each quilt, who for and the amount she received for the work. The more remarkable fact is that she does all this work using the thimble on the little finger as the two middle fingers are crippled and lay close to the palm of the hand."

FRUIT OR DAIRY— Work and Rest—Which?

Mighty good thing that we do not all get the same notion in picking out the kind of farm work we want to specialize in. It's better that God gave us different tastes and inclinations.

Rural Welfare spent part of two days in a section of country where both fruit and dairy farming were the outstanding features. It was a fine country to look at.

Good farms well kept. Everything neat and in order. Nearly all homes were fine old brick mansions. Both farm men and women knew how to play golf, wear white shoes and Palm Beach clothes.

The big seven-passenger cars were joy-ride wagons used after supper and week-ends and over Sunday. We are fully convinced that it pays to specialize in the farming game.

The dairy business is a tied-down business. There is no escape from hard work. It is every day in the year. From dawn to dusk and dark it must have attention. The old cow must be relieved of her milk.

In the fruit and grape-growing business your crops work while you sleep. In the Winter the fruit business takes a complete rest. So do the fruit growers. During the business season the fruit game must have attention and brain power as well as hard work.

The odd thing about our trip through this prosperous section was that both fruit grower and dairy farmer were happy and making money. It is a fact that the general farmer is not happy. He who tries to till many acres is hardly so happy as he who well cultivates the few acres.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer it's up to you to think about hitching your farm wagon, not to a star, but to some special crop growing. Think it over.

HEAT—LIGHT—WATER— Faucet—Switch—Wheel.

Progress is the program. The world changes. Folks march on from old ways to the new. It is well. We like it.

Here is what we read in a weekly magazine:

A boy, with aching back and tingling fingers, lugged heavy buckets from an outdor well. Then came, at turn of faucet—water!

And yesterday, or so it seems to him, he filled and filled those hungry old oil lamps. Then came, at snap of switch—electric lights!

He saw the passing of the old wood stove. He saw the first "new fangled" furnace take its place. And dreaming there of wonders of the past, he reaches out and, at a touch—gets heat!

So marches progress!

Yes, carrying water was once our job. Once when we moved into a new log house we had to carry water from a neighbor's well a quarter of a mile distant. And we used to fill the lamp and clean the smoky chimney. We used to carry in the wood, carry out ashes and have to get up on the cold mornings and build a fire.

Today the world is boiled down to a water faucet, a light switch and a wheel to turn on the heat. Still we do not seem to be a lot more happy than we were in the days back yonder. Still we would likely go on a strike if we were asked to return to the old ways and to the old days. Let's be satisfied and thankful that we are living and well.

IT'S TIME TO INVOICE— Measure Our Universities.

"It's time to take the measure of our universities and big colleges. The professors who have easy virtue and morals find it necessary to give the Bible a black eye in order to excuse their own lack of virtue and morals.

"The more of this rot about man and woman coming up or down from the monkey tribe we have, the more scandal we have among students in our state universities and colleges. The more drunkenness and immorality we have among both the professors and the young men and women."

This statement was made to Rural Welfare by a Christian man who has spent 30 years in teaching boys and girls and who has done his full duty toward church and God.

He says that not one dollar should be voted or given to these universities until every unbelieving monkey professor has been driven out and told to go to work for a living instead of being on the public pension roll.

Recently Rural Welfare editor was told by the manager of an amusement park that his worst trouble was with university students who came to the park drunk, with pint bottles of booze and who insisted on using profane and vulgar language and that often they had college girls with them.

The university from which they came had a lot of these monkey professors on the payroll who had no respect for Christian teachings and who were helping to ruin students who came from Christian homes to the university.

How long can we tolerate this cancer and curse? How long will members of the legislature vote public money to feed this disease and monkey men?

CAN CANCER BE CURED— England Will Try It.

The cancer curse grows. The cause no one knows. Is it transmitted from parent to child? Is it contagious? If so, under what conditions.

Can cancer be cured? So far all science has failed to give the one great answer we want. There are all sorts of fake cures and remedies offered to the afflicted to get money.

Sometimes outrageous prices are charged. The afflicted will pay any sum or all they have if there be some hope of cure or relief offered. Often these fake treatments aggravate the cancer and hasten the end.

In England cancer has become so frequent that there is general alarm at its spread and fatal results.

A great convention has been called to try to discover the cause and the cure of cancer. The best medical men and the best scientists of the world will take part in this cancer conference.

All nations are more or less afflicted with this dread disease. There is a cure if it can be found. There may be more than one cure. We hope there is. In many places cancer attacks more women than men. In other places more men seem to suffer from it.

We give applause to victorious generals who win battles; to candidates who win office; to preachers and evangelists who save souls; to inventors who create labor-saving machinery.

To the man or woman who will find a cure for cancer, within the reach of all who may be afflicted, the world should unite in placing a crown of glory upon his or her brow. There have been cancers cured. The diet as well as the medicine no doubt helped to bring about this result.

What will cure one case will fail on another person. The disease is most stubborn. It seems to have different moods and humors and habits.

More folks in town and city seem to have this disease than farm folks do. Can the fumes and gasses of automobiles and trucks have anything to do with the cause of cancer?

Too much meat to eat has said to help the cancer curse to increase. Less meat and more fruit and vegetables will bring a smaller crop of several of our dreaded and hard to cure diseases.

Why not give more attention to "the house we live in?" We mean the human body. We do live in it. We should not abuse it. Do we know how to take care of it? Think it over.

WHICH DO YOU WANT— Chinamen, Mexicans, Italians?

Some of our farm journals are flashing a signal which says that the day may soon come when the farmer will have to depend upon imported labor to do the heavy, back-breaking farm work.

This may be a far cry but the few farm boys who actually intend to stay on the farm, grow less year by year.

The big wages paid in town and city get our American boys. Big wages are good bait. The housewife may want some inside help after while. If so, she will likely have to depend upon some alien woman or girl.

How many farmers would want to take these foreigners into their family and make them one of the household?

We may as well think ahead. Things are changing. They will continue to change. We will have to fit into the change. If we do not we will find ourselves a square peg in a round hole.

HANDLE 'EM ROUGH— Reform Schools.

Bread, water and hell. Are these three things enough for a man to live on if he is bad and gets into prison?

Have we gone to far in trying to make prison a paradise for those who have become criminals and who need to feel the sting of real punishment and discipline?

Recently we talked to a man who has been closely connected with reform schools for both boys and girls. He said that some of these so-called humane societies which adopt resolutions had well nigh ruined the control of these reformatory institutions.

He said that too often women who had never raised a child would get notions into their heads as to how the state ought to conduct these penal places and as a result the boys and girls often got the notion into their heads that they were being abused and should be pitied.

This experienced juvenile officer said that many young folks who were sentenced to these places had no fear of them and many did not dread to come back to them.

He believed that in some cases where lack of decent raising and poor home surroundings had been the cause of the youngster landing in one of these places there should be some consideration shown, but in many instances where the offender had no excuse for being bad, there should be real punishment.

This officer said that since so much of the so-called humanity and theory had been put into the management of these public reform places that crime and offenses had increased amazingly among young folks.

If this be the truth, then all good citizens are interested in this question of handling these young offenders. It will also apply to the grown-ups who get into prison. The records show that some of these boys and girls, men and women in prison, have served several terms. This would indicate that they do not have much fear of being locked up or detained in penal schools or prisons.

HALF SOLING INDIANA— Saving Roads and Money.

If every state could say what Indiana says about its state highway department the whole country would have better roads at less cost.

The merit of this story is a policy of taking care of roads at the right time in the right way. Even governors of states are beginning to see what ought to be done in this matter.

Here is an item about the road repair policy adopted in the state of Indiana. Our readers should talk along these lines in every state of the Union and urge road officials to do likewise.

Indiana is half-soling old road beds. Plain common sense. Saves money. Gets more miles of road to serve more people.

A. H. Hinkle, maintenance engineer in Indiana state highway department, is doing a wonderful work in saving old roads and getting the most miles for the money. Hinkle is a former Ohio engineer. He is winning leadership among the maintenance engineers of the United States.

Governor McCray is making a big hit by insisting that road repair and maintenance be given even more attention than is given to new construction.

WHERE IS THE DANGER— On Inside or Outside?

The outside bandit has courage. He uses a gun and takes cash from his victim in a gentlemanly sort of way.

The gun game was the method used by Jesse James and other high class bandits who had courage and some honor.

The new way is to stay on the inside of an office and sell fake bonds, stocks and blue-sky frauds to suckers. It's more sure and safer if you can hire a good lawyer.

Some of our smart fellows get hold of money and then pass through bankruptcy and get a legal release from debts while the poor suckers or victims still cry for their money.

We have more respect for some of the gun bandits than we do for these loafing hypocrites who are sissy sort of fellows and whose knees knock together as soon as they see a gun or a sheriff.

LAND OF FINE HOMES— Big Barns and Silos.

We accepted invitation to deliver class address in the town of Edon. It was not located in the garden of Eden, but in the northwest corner of Ohio, near both the Indiana and Michigan state lines.

We went across the country in an auto. We had a good view of the whole country which is hard to beat. The soil is good. The folks are business farmers just as much as any man who owns a store or stands behind the counter and sells to customers.

Fine homes. Big barns. Great silos. Many dairy cows. Good roads. Good schools. Practically every farm home had a name. As a rule this farm home name was lettered on the barn. These farmers were very proud of the business they were in.

The town has 700 people. There were 23 graduates in the class. Tickets of admission were sold. Over 100 were refused seats for lack of room. Last year Governor Ferris, now United States senator from Michigan, gave the class address.

Rural Welfare never had a better audience to talk to than this one. The whole community had the earmarks of a fit place in which to live and grow children. There were good churches well supported. One of the best school superintendents was on the job. Folks from three states were in the big audience. Name the farm home. It helps everybody.

LAND VALUES REDUCED— By Assessors in Illinois.

Farmers are winnig part of their fight for lower taxes in Illinois. They discovered that in towns and cities many folks were not on the tax records for anything like the amount they could sell their property for cash. This is true in nearly every state.

This year the land tax values are being reduced in many of the Illinois counties from five to 33 1-3 per cent.

In many states farm values are shrinking while real estate in cities are going up. The city owners oppose re-appraisement as they know they would have more tax to pay and the farmer less.

Of course the best way to reduce taxes is to reduce expenses. But this cure is hard to take. It now seems doubtful whether we will ever reduce expenses. The next best thing is to make all pay their just share of the tax burden or tax blessing as you desire to think about it.

The road hog gang in the Sucker state are trying to put over a bond issue for $100,000,000 for high cost paved roads. It is the old story of the cement trust making real suckers out of taxpayers.

SIX BILLION SMOKES— Number of Cigarets Per Year.

Uncle Sam burns tobacco by the ton. Yes, even by the train load. This makes a market for the crops in tobacco growing sections.

Revenue records show that there are six billion cigarets made and sold and smoked every year in the United States.

It seems that we must spend some money foolishly. Perhaps this is as harmless a way to throw away money as any other. It is safer than to have this money spent for dangerous drugs or booze or gambling.

Think it over. Do our school teachers try to stop this or these habits as they should? Do they sometimes set the example? Do you know preachers who smoke and flaunt the cigaret in the public eye?

Whither are we bound? Six billion smokes a year. This does not include the many million cigars that are sold or the smokes that folks get out of pipes.

If tobacco growers would only realize what a mighty hold tobacco has on the public appetite they could almost get any price for the weed. The man who sells cigarets is a better business man than he who sells tobacco from the farm. Men and women now smoke. The demand may be more than doubled in the next 10 years. Will the price to the grower double?

What an odd thing it must have been when the first human being began to smoke. Why did the habit ever start? When old Sir Walter Raleigh was caught smoking his friends thought he was on fire and began throwing water on him to put out the fire.

Man is the only animal that smokes. Monkeys, apes and jackasses can be trained to do almost any trick but smoke. They balk at doing that stunt. Yet a lot of human beings will do it in spite of the advice of a good mother. The child says that it saw father doing it, or the teacher or the preacher.

We are not a crank about these matters. But it really gets funny when we think about it long enough and try to measure the millions of good dollars we burn every year and then put up with mud roads.

BIG PAY HITS FARMS— Cash Is What We Want.

The farms of the United States and Canada are hit by the big pay handed out in the big shops and factories of the United States. What is to be the end of this high pay wave?

Reports come that farms are being deserted on both sides of our boundary line. Canada farmers have had a three-year bad spell in many sections, the same as those of the United States.

The farmer has held on grimly as long as he can. Now he must have some real cash money to save his family from want of good clothes and decent living. The shop and factory seem to be the only money well within his reach and he is grabbing it.

In another way the high pay wave hits the farmer by forcing him to pay extreme high prices for any help that he may need on the farm.

Also, when wages shoot sky high, then the price of farm machinery, twine, clothes and everything else goes up, while the price of hogs and wheat do not climb.

What is the answer to high price services? Read the story that follows this one on this Rural Welfare page.

SERVICE BELOW COST— Hats Off to This Man.

When read of and when we see the drift toward big pay and less service to humankind, we feel like saying "Amen" when we find a patch of blue sky in the clouds of greed and grab.

Here is the story of a doctor who ought to have a front seat in the grandstand of good Saint Peter when his services on earth are ended. The world needs more of this man who is no doubt getting as much real happiness out of this kind of service as any millionaire is getting out of his riches.

Here is the story:

While fishing, Rodger Dolan got a sore throat which developed into tonsilitis, then painful quinsy. By this time the camping party was 28 miles from even a village. But Dolan needed a doctor, so one of the Indian guides took him the 28 miles by canoe and portage.

"The place wasn't even a village," Dolan tells the story. "It was a community of about 15 houses, no stores. I inquired my way to the doctor's house. It was a little frame dwelling. The doctor's wife— in gingham wrapper, her hands gnarled and red from helping her husband fight for existence—came to the door. She informed me that the celebrated physician was out back, chopping wood, and to just step into his office.

"This office," Dolan continues, "looked like business. The linoleum had a faked inlaid-tiles design. In one corner was a white enameled bookcase affair with glass shelves, in which the doctor's shining tools were displayed. On a table were the latest medical magazines.

"The doctor showed up presently. He had 'washed up' and donned a white hospital jacket. He examined me thoroughly, painted my throat ulcers, then went into his dispensing laboratory whence, after half an hour with mortar and pestle, he emerged with a pint of throat gargle and another pint of tonic.

"His charge for the whole works, examination and medicine and all, was one dollar. I protested that I didn't want to shove him any nearer to the poorhouse, but he said: 'A dollar is all I can charge the local settlers, and I wouldn't feel square to ask any more of an outsider, not even Rockefeller or Ford!'

"I baited him with questions and learned that most of his work in his far-flung community was charity. Also that he had to chop his own firewood and farm a big garden to make both ends meet.

"'It was amazing, his intuitive medical genius. I found that he was up to the minute on medical science, treating several endocrine gland cases in the backwoods and checking two cancers by radium borrowed by registered mail from a far-off city.

"'Sometimes I wish I had hung out my shingle in a larger and more remunerative community,' the doctor confided almost pathetically as he gazed out of the window. 'But I can't leave these people. They need me. Someone has to be here, to care for them when they get ill.'"

There is a great lesson in this backwoods doctor's life of self-sacrifice for duty. Men like this old country doctor are the foundation stones of civilization.

Duty—the purpose for which we were put into this world—is very plain to all of us. And there are more than you would think, of people like the backwoods country doctor at the outskirts of civilization—the unsung truly great.

THE RETIRED WOMAN— Does She Ever Rest?

We have talked to a lady who left the farm to get rid of work. She thought she would be a retired female farmer. Is there such a thing?

As a rule there is almost as much work keeping house in town as there is in the country, providing the job is done right.

The old saying is true that "A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done." This seems to fit no matter where a real housekeeper and homemaker stays.

SUMMER GARDEN— It Will Keep You.

Is it not a fact that you could do more for that garden of yours than you are doing? How much have you really done for this home patch that you did not have to do?

Is it the same garden it was last year? Did you give it a spread of any kind of fertilizer this year? Do you veto all the weeds? Do you plan to plant a new crop when the first crop is out of season?

Do you visit other gardens and get pointers on how to improve yours? The chances are that you still have something to learn about this delightful little truck patch. Do it now.

MANY HOME CLOSETS FILLED WITH USELESS POSSESSIONS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

THIS is a very poor subject for me to write upon, because according to the demands of common honesty, I should have to stand up and plead guilty to allowing a large group of my possessions to tyrannize over my time and strength unmercifully, and I am forced to admit that I have not the strength of character to break my chains.

However, I have the common sense to see what I am doing, and I would like to suggest that it would be a fine thing for women who have greater strength of character than I to rid themselves of useless and encumbering possessions.

One thing I can advocate wholeheartedly: If you must keep things in your possession that are a nuisance and a burden, for old sake's sake, you can at least use all the judgment you have in the question of acquiring further possessions, and discrimination in the choice of things that are useful.

I should hate to sit down and figure up the hours of my life that I have spent, each Spring and Fall during the semi-annual housecleaning, in caring for blankets woven from wool from the backs of sheep I played among as a child; quilts too precious to use, exquisitely pieced and quilted by the hands of my mother or my elder sisters; and hand-woven coverlets dating back to the time of Peter and John Hartman of Wooster, Ohio, purely American in character, all wool foundation, dyed with vegetable dyes of home manufacture, and hand-woven in exquisite patterns, some of the rarest of which my mother owned in my childhood.

Memory vs. Usefulness.

Then there is a long list of garments worn by loved ones, of bits of jewelry, bonnets, the baby's first hair cutting—shelves and shelves of personal impedimenta of no earthly use to anyone, each with some memory or association that makes it difficult to discard it.

I do try to make use of the hand-woven coverlets, and occasionally of the patchwork quilts; but ever since I can remember I have been lugging around the world with me a quantity of stuff that takes time and care to preserve and that really is of no benefit to me or any one else.

Sometimes amusing things happen in this connection.

I was a married woman in my own home at the time of my father's crossing. Among the things in his possession he gave me a black silk hood having a quilted head piece, a large roll of silk around the face, and a quilted curtain with some pleated fulness at the back, finished with a black bow and long silk ties.

These hoods were commonly worn by every one when I was a child. They were beautifully made, and of brilliant colors for the young people. My mother had been gone since my childhood.

After father's death I carried the bonnet home, and before I had put it away there came a day of particularly cold and bitter stormy weather, when it was necessary that I should make a trip downtown.

Happening to see the hood as I was ready to start, I discarded the hat I was wearing and put on the hood, tying the bow under my chin with short loops and long ends as my mother had worn it.

It made an extremely handsome head covering, and I looked as well in it as I was capable of looking in anything. I took a second glance at the raging storm outside and decided that I would wear the hood on my errand.

The "Latest" in "Fashions."

During my trip I had some business in a store where I noticed a couple of young women who were clever seamstresses and did sewing for the village. Going downtown a week later I was dumfounded to meet these two young women each wearing an exact duplicate of my mother's hood.

I was told later on when they discovered that they had spent their time and money imitating an antique instead of the very latest quirk of fashion, they were so enraged that both of them vented their indignation in tears.

I am still taking care of the hood.

As I go through this semi-annual housecleaning process I find things on my walls I wish I had the courage to drop on the bonfire.

The closets are a task. I could easily earn $1,000 with my pen while I am cleaning one of them.

The china cabinets are crowded with dishes I never use and so precious that no one's hands but mine must touch them.

There is the egg shell tea set, having a history of 300 years in one of the oldest homes in England, so delicate that the pink of the fingers shows through the trembling cups, exquisitely decorated with the sacred mountain, the balloon-breasted Mongolian pheasant, and darling little lovebirds of delicate greens and red in flight on the inside of the cups—the most exquisite china I ever have seen anywhere.

And reinforcing this there is a list as long as my arm, of platters and trays and pitchers, all perfectly useless, all requiring time for their care, and of antique pewter and silver and brass that must be polished.

Tyranny of Possessions.

What is to become of these things when I am gone I cannot say.

Of course, I appreciate the wonderful things that people give me, and I keep them and care for them.

Some day they must go in a collection to some museum, but at the present minute they hold high hand over me. And I go on, each year putting in days of time Spring and Fall, carefully handling and preserving them, when I could be earning money of greater benefit to myself or my friends.

This is the case with almost every woman with whom I am acquainted.

Sometimes I feel that I should like to be a cyclone and blow with violence, first through my own house, and then through the homes of some my friends, carrying away forever useless rugs, pictures, china, glass, and impedimenta of all sorts that are not useful, not ornamental, and which add more burdens to the long list that may very aptly be described as "woman killers."

While this cyclone is raging I would like it to sweep out of homes the useless, highly ornate woodwork, the inlaid floors, and all the ridiculous stuff that gathers dust, that looks so badly if it is not immaculately kept, and makes so much unnecessary work in the keeping of it.

An Idea for Home Builders.

And while I was blowing out useless things from homes already built I should like to go further and blow into the heads of people who are building, the idea that what they put into a home when they build it gives them a life job of taking care of it afterward.

I have noticed that there is a tendency among builders at present, probably on account of the growing scarcity of rare woods, possibly as a protective measure for housekeepers, toward using a narrow, perfectly plain, metal molding decorated to fit the interior of the room.

The magazines devoted to architecture are beginning to show such interiors, and they have a chaste, clean, appealing influence that it is positively refreshing.

As I have previously admitted, I am an Ephriam joined to his idols.

I can't let mine go, but I have great admiration for the woman who can.

Believe me, it is not necessary to be destructive.

Those things that clutter up the average home and make it look more like a museum and give it more the atmosphere of a museum than of the cleanliness and rest of a home, could be used by extremely thankful hearts somewhere.

There are just as many homes in the world too bare of ornamentation as there are homes having too much. A little searching around will acquaint any woman, whose possessions have become a burden to her, with friends and neighbors who would be unspeakably glad to have the unnecessary picture, the cases of china, the things that have become impedimenta rather than necessities.

There are cold and shivering little children who would be unspeakably grateful for the clothing that can be made from tons of unused stuff hanging in cedar closets all over the country.

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ONE MAN FOR HIS OWN TIME

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 1 Is, "John the Baptist" — Luke 3:1-17; 7-17-30.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

FROM the midst of the mess and menace called "The Near Eastern Question," and weary of writing upon the political phases of it all, I turn with relief for a steadying look at a Man—one of the huge, heroic figures of history, who greatly fulfilled his destiny in an hour as critical as the present. Because he was a man for his own time, John the Baptist has become a man for the ages.

No phase of contemporary affairs is more appalling than the dearth of adequate men. Since the first of the year I have been in Europe and the Near East, dealing with the men who are responsible for official action in this muddled period of human affairs; and only one man of the whole community has even slightly impressed me as being of a stature commensurate with the task. He is Prime Minister Stambolisky of Bulgaria, 'the peasant premier," who is sneered at by the faultlessly-formal but futile diplomats as "uncouth" and as primitive. Hordes of professional office-holders know the etiquette of statecraft; and are skilled in the machinery and the arts of government; but of personalities, big in brain and character and vision, there seem to be almost none. And we in the era of the apotheosis of the commonplace? Shrewd and sophisticated and conscienceless politicians we have in plenty, but where are the men of straight sight, clear convictions, sure courage and passionate devotion to the right and to the welfare of the world? Truly, this is a time to study the John the Baptist type.

An Imprudent Hero.

Of guile and prudence the world has an over-supply today. Perhaps it is because I am writing in Bible lands, where the 'safety first" principle has been carried to most craven lengths, that I express myself feeling upon the need for an outspoken, conviction and courage that is even reckless. Prudence is a minor virtue of second-rate souls; all the truly great have something of the flavor of John the Baptist, who defiantly flung his challenge and his message and his life straight into the teeth of a soft, self-indulgent and pleasure-seeking time. He had looked so long upon the face of truth that he had no fear of the face of man. He was more concerned about being true than about being polite. There was too much ceremonial politeness in his world, and too little rugged honesty.

It is easier to admire a hero than to emulate him. The price of freedom and courage is willingness to live in the desert and to wear camel's hair and a leather girdle and to feed upon locusts and wild honey. If a young man or young woman "must have" clothes in the prevailing mode, the luxuries of an expensive home, and the table dainties of the age, then he or she automatically is cut off for any sort of John the Baptist career. Such a one may be good, but necessarily ineffective. The task of being truth's herald, and God's sent messenger, is for some sturdier soul. Ability to forego and to endure is the first requisite of great living. The keen wife of a clergyman once said, "Mrs. Blank used to come to our missionary meetings in the most stunning gowns of the latest mode, and urge us to sacrifice for missions; but somehow our women were never moved by her." No truth ever grips until it becomes incarnated in a man or woman.

The Inscription at Angora.

Recently, at Angora, the remote interior capital of the new Turkish nation, I saw the Augustinian inscription, an elaborate surviving record upon marble walls of the honors and acts of the Roman emperor who reigned when Jesus was born. Other inscriptions in abundance may be seen in Angora, as, indeed, throughout Anatolia. Most of them mean nothing to the average person: the men glorified have been forgotten for hundreds and thousands of years. In this same category are the Roman officials enumerated by Luke, as he dates the beginning of John the Baptist's ministry, in our lesson chapter: "Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judaea, Herod Tetrarch of Galilee, his brother Philip Tetrarch of Ituraea and Trachonitis, and Lysanias Tetrarch of Abilene, during the high priesthood of Annas and Caiapas, a message from God came to John, the son of Zechariah, in the Desert."

How big these officials all were in their day—and now they are only remembered because of their relationship to a rude wilderness preacher, and to a carpenter's Son! It is a study in relative values and eternal worth. The important clause in this official enumeration by Luke, and the one justifying the rest is "a message from God to John." That is the great thing. We date our calendars by events of this sort. When God speaks to a receptive soul, then things happen. Emperors and satellites become puny alongside of the man who has heard God speaking to him.

That was John's equipment. It was his adequate substitute for a theological course. It qualified him to stand before kings without blanching. To speak, one must first hear; the reason deaf persons are mutes is simply because they have never heard; which is a fact with a profound spiritual analogy. We may hold conferences and write books and issue statements until we are weary, concerning the spiritual situation of our era, but nothing will ever really come of it until individual men and women have clearly heard the voice of God in their own spirits. This is the distinctive teaching of the Quakers; would that they might practice and proclaim it to all the churches. No other fitness or urge is of any real avail until it can be written, "a message from God came to John"—and to Henry and to Robert and to Thomas and to Mary and to Jane and to Margaret.

Religion and the City Drift.

One of the loveliest spots in Palestine is the village where John the Baptist is supposed to have been born. It is only a short distance from Jerusalem; and John's father was engaged in the temple; but the young man did not go to the big city. He went into the wilderness. One wonders whether our modern slump from spirituality and morality has any relation to the recent overwhelming drift of life away from the country into the cities. City life irons out individuality; it makes conformists of even strong personalities. Our civilization is conventionalized to death. What makes "society" stale, flat and unprofitable is that it has lost the tang of originality and freshness. A pall of deadly sameness lies over it. Dame Grundy is the tyrant of the city, and she rules it to the tune of "Everybody's Doing It!" "They Say!" and "What Will People Think!" and "It's the way it's being done now!" are the laws of the bandar-log in the jungles of the big cities. There is a sad significance in the recent sale of tens of thousands of books of etiquette. Myriads of us are more afraid of being unfashionable than of being unrighteous. That is the brand of the city upon us.

Out in the country it is easier and more natural to be religious. God seems a near neighbor in the wide spaces out of doors. In town a man may easily be an athiest, but not in the big woods. Prophets grow in the desert, from the days of Elijah and John and Jesus and Paul down to Mohammed. Let us face away from the city for our sense of true and permanent values. When God wanted to show the heavens opened to the Beloved Apostle he took him away from the clamorous city of Ephesus, to the lonely, rocky isle of Patmos. A short time ago I traveled over the region of Paul's journey in Asia Minor, and of the Seven Churches of Asia (which is largely the territory covered by last year's Greek retreat) and I saw so much that was heartsearing that I went to Patmos for a corrective vision of things: and I confess that I longed to stay for a time in the quiet of the monastery.

When John the Baptist had got his message in the wilderness, the crowds flocked out to him from the cities. It is not a bigger and better pulpit that most preachers need, but a clearer message. Often I saw in Dr. Jowett's church in New York city men from distant cities who had traveled far, as I myself had done, to hear a word straight from the book and mind of God.

The Man Who Was Inadequate.

A striking truth about this hairy, rugged, romantic figure from the desert, John the Baptist, is that he himself was not adequate for his time and he knew it. As this lesson is taught all over the world tens of thousands of teachers will stress the thought that our day's need is for a John the Baptist. To say this is to miss the point of the narrative. We need herald-prophets, it is true; but only as heralds. John's greatness consisted in his seeing clearly the world's need of a Greater than himself. He had not the remedy for the sickness of his world; but he pointed to One who had. He was but a signboard on the way to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

This prostrate humanity of today, whose illness seems to baffle all the political and social physicians of civilization, can only be cured by the Healer foretold by John. It needs repentance and contrition—the two notes that seem lacking from all the clamor of wailing that rises from Europe and Asia—but it needs most of all the salvation which is the gift of Christ alone. It is not reconstruction that our time awaits so much as redemption. So the call is for prophets after the fashion of John the Baptist, who will point to the new social era (as he did point) by way of the Savior. An altered society derives from transformed souls. And that healing comes to those whom some forerunner has introduced to Jesus Christ.

Cuticura Stops Itching And Saves The Hair

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, preceded by light touches of Cuticura Ointment, do much to cleanse the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, arrest falling hair and promote a hair-growing condition.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories Dept 36F, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

NEW FLASHLESS POWDER FOUND

Discovery Expected to Aid Effective Concealment of Big Guns.

Successful development of a new powder for use in small arms and artillery which possesses all the driving power of the type now in use and at the same time is smokeless, flashless and impervious to moisture, has been announced by the war department.

"The new powder may be exposed indefinitely to any atmosphere saturated with moisture without effect on its properties," the department's announcement said.

"During tests it has been completely submerged in water without any absorbed moisture being found."

In its power to drive bullets or projectiles, the new explosive is understood to be the equal of powder now in use. It was developed for use in the 75 guns of the heavier artillery and will be adapted for rifles and machine guns.

Conceals Gun Pits.

The statement said the explosive would "eventually replace entirely for all arms the type of powder now in use. Experiments in the United States and other countries for years in the effort to produce a flashless powder in order that in night firing the same invisibility might be accomplished for troops as was made possible in daylight operations when smokeless powder was developed to replace the old black powder charges that left great puffs of white smoke in the air. With the new powder enemy marksmen will be unable to locate American machine guns or rifles by the flare from the muzzles and many devices developed during the war to conceal the flash will be rendered unnecessary.

During the war the sky line above the artillery when a bombardment was in progress blazed with a light from the continuous flash from the guns and this glare was visible for miles marking the artillery lines, although the flash of individual weapons might not be visible. With the new powder it is expected that only the rumble of the guns will mark such bombardments in future. Probably the new powder will not be employed in shells, however, as the flash of the burst of projectiles is used to help range the guns for accurate firing.

Peanut and Potato Work Wins Medal

Dr. George Washington Garver of Tuskogee institute who developed 165 by-products of the peanut and 115 of the sweet potato, has been awarded the Spingarn medal, which is given annually for the most distinguished achievement by a United States citizen of African descent. This is announced by the National Association fro the Advancement of Colored people.

Bricklayers Win $12-a-Day Strike

Bricklayers, who had tied up the Metropolitan building construction program of $175,000,000 since they went on a strike May 21, in New York, won their demand for a $2 a day wage increase when the Mason Builders' association agreed to give them $12 a day on a two-year agreement.

The settlement was reached at a meeting of union leaders and members of the association. The building program will be resumed at once, it was said.

Mrs. M. E. Stephenson

Advice For Mothers

You Cannot Afford to Overlook One Word of This.

Cambridge, Ohio—"When my baby was six months old I had gone down in health with inward weakness so that I could not get around to do my housework or care for my baby. I was just about 'down and out' when I started to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The first bottle proved to me that I was taking the right medicine and six bottles helped me to get around to do my work as easily as before my illness. Favorite Prescription really did do wonders for me and I am glad to recommend it at every opportunity."—Mrs. M. E. Stephenson, 4171 Long St.

Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription now, in liquid or tablets, from your druggist or send 10c for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., or write for free medical advice.

—Advertisement.

Students Refuse Amherst Degrees

Led by Carlile V. Bolton Smith of Memphis, Tenn., 11 members of the senior class at Amherst college and one candidate for the degree of master of arts, refused to accept their degrees at the 102nd commencement exercises.

Despite the urging of parents and friends, the 12 men filed from College hall and declared they would never accept a degree from Amherst. Their action is the aftermath of the resignation of President Alexander Meiklejohn at the request of the trustees.

Announcement was made of the election of Professor George Daniel Olds as president to succeed Dr. Meiklejohn. Mr. Olds has been professor of mathematics at Amherst since 1891.

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

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Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1923.

Don't mistake your auto for a cow and try to drive it onto the cowcatcher.

After a while the world may get the notion that Germany doesn't want to pay.

Lawyers are pretty good at keeping out of jail.

A United States senator traveled all the way to Russia to discover that Lenine and Trotzky are liars. See America first.

Lima Beane says the world doesn't owe anything to anybody who sits around waiting for the world to pay him.

Germany has built a beer vat that holds sixty-six thousand gallons. Looks as if she is getting ready to drown her sorrow.

It's the noise of the minority that often fools the politician who wants to edge over to the winning side.

President Harding wants everybody to be able to sing the Star Spangled Banner. It wouldn't be so difficult if we could always have a soprano to lead us "over the top."

Bulgaria is killing a few people but the League of Nations hasn't been shot at yet.

Conan Doyle wouldn't speak to some of the spirits he makes a fuss over if he were to meet them on the street.

It is said that a fly lays a million eggs. But whether the count was made by a booster or a knocker is an important detail unknown to us.

Truth is mighty, provided it gets half a chance.

When a girl declares she wouldn't marry the best man in the world it doesn't mean anything. The best man in the world is already married.

To her next reparations note Germany might try adding a line after the approved fashion as follows. X X X X X (kisses).

An astrologer predicts a civil war in this country in 1942. Is it going to take us that long to get angry enough to fight each other?

A man brags about his car because it isn't good taste to brag about his wife.

Belgium leads the world in buttons. But who makes the safety pins? There's where great responsibility rests.

Henry Ford says plainly and unmistakably that he doesn't want to be president, but there is no telling what his office force will decide.

It has been demonstrated time and again that the practical joker has the thinnest skin of any member of the human race. When his little joke flares back it makes him sore for a month.

Germany and France are both disappointed over the situation in the Ruhr.

News is so unreliable, either from the rigors of the censorship or for other reasons, that one is left in darkness to wonder how Russia is getting along with her skin disease.

There is a real kick in life for the fellow who stays sober.

When a man inadvertently sits on a sheet of flypaper he never complains that the quality isn't as good as advertised.

This is a great country. You can get a million opinions on any subject and are still permitted to have your own.

If we were apes once upon a time we ought to be thankful for evolution. Otherwise we would be burdened with a heavy coat of hair through the hot weather.

Cynicisms are the curds that follow when the milk of human kindness sours.

Henry Ford has haphazarded one remark that stands out like a red barn on a hill. "If I join any organization," he says, "it would be one that wouldn't require me to wear a mask."

From Washington comes the cheerful announcement that the government has lived within its means during the last 12 months and without borrowing money to do it.

Superstitious people can't understand why the eighteenth amendment has so much more hard luck than the thirteenth.

Ardent friends of federal war prisoners may feel that the poor devils ought to be pardoned because they failed to accomplish their purpose.

One of the old-fashioned ways of bringing up children was to humiliate them with the consciousness that they were hindrances to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Alexander was great because he didn't wait until America was discovered before trying to conquer the world.

Prohibition will work better when there is no longer any money in violations.

Sermon by President Lowell of Harvard: "A man has not failed in life unless he believes he has failed, and sometimes not even then." Try that on your inferior complex.

When she spreads it on amazingly thick it looks like warpaint and that is probably what it is intended to be.

There ha salways been a demand for steady young men. Now they must also be Volsteady.

America is so tolerant in the matter of free speech that the majority seems willing to let the minority talk its head off.

State's Rights Again

Most of the present outery against the centralization of power in the federal government is entirely in the interest of state government. The argument is that the states have been robbed of rights—that the dignity and importance of state officers have been weakened—that revenue over which states should have control is absorbed by Washington—that the responsibilities assumed by the national government, which better might be borne locally, have brought about the evil of bureaucracy. And so on.

Before the everyday citizen becomes excited over what a number of orators and writers denounce as usurpation he will act wisely by asking himself whether a more powerful state government is likely to bring him any benefits.

A consideration of state governments show one that they suffer from the same kind of infirmities as the national government. The average of intelligence in congress is far from high. This is true also of state assemblies. Congressmen have a passion for devising new taxes. In this regard they do not compare with state legislators. The federal government is reaching deeper and deeper into the affairs of the private citizen. So also are the states. Every meeting of congress has its sequel in the multiplication of public offices. A state legislature that could prove a reduction of public offices during its session instead of an increase would establish a reputation for uniqueness and daring.

Political pressure probably works more certainly among the states than in the general government. The tendency to compromise with selfishnss for political reasons, to be blind as a political expediency, to put politics ahead of the welfare of the people—this tendency is as marked in purely state affairs as in departments of the national government.

Theoretically it would be a very good thing for the country to return to the simple system under which the ordinary citizen looked almost wholly to his state government for guidance and betterments. This would bring his government closer to him. Yet it would be hopeless for anyone to think that the great abuse of the day, too much government, would be removed. For every bureau which the federal government closed 48 would be established by the states to take its place. The itch to govern fussily and elaborately is a disease prevailing in state capitals no less than in the District of Columbia.

A Battle of Technicalities

The general public does not understand the details of the controversy between the Railroad Labor board and the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. There is a strong suspicion that both sides have purposely created a smoke screen of words, neither being ready or willing to fight out its battle on a fundamental and clearly-cut issue. They resemble those European governments that, at the beginning of the great war, explained their causes in every other term except the terms of political ambition and territorial rivalry.

The real point in the relations between the Pennsylvania railroad and the employes is whether these employes receive as good wages as railroad workers elsewhere. Are their working hours satisfactory? Do they work under safe and sanitary conditions? Do they have the chance to win promotion? Are they encouraged to be home-owners, parents, the right kind of citizens? There is nothing about these matters in the bombardment of pronouncements and accusations and defences and references to System Federation No. 90 and decision No. 218.

It is the labor board's business, or ought to be, to keep the railroads running with a minimum of trouble between the workers and the managers. The basic question in all labor disputes is remuneration. The labor board should be wary of dipping into any affairs that are not of basic character. In other words, it ought to let the railroad companies manage their business in their own way so long as there is no possibility or danger of a labor quarrel. The board's services are imperative only in cases menacing to the continuous and efficient carriage of freight and passengers.

Incidentally it might be said to the labor board and the Pennsylvania company that they lose with the public, and do not gain, by dressing their statements in technicalities. This invites the belief that the two are fussing over side-issues and enlarging trivalities into mountains.

Tax Cuts in Prospect

The announcement that the federal government has accumulated a surplus where a deficit was feared is one of the best bits of news that has been broadcast to the country. It means that the budget system is succeeding in producing practical economies. It means that the new tariff law is effective as a producer of governmental income. It promises a reduction in taxes.

It is highly possible, though, that the spendthrift element in congress will be far from elated. That element maintains itself in office largely through obtaining appropriations for its constituencies. This is why the free seeds went out through the mails in spite of endeavors to make this ancient waste obsolete. It was the spendthrifts who pushed through an extravagant pork bill in spite of the administration's protests. A senator who previously had no claim upon fame will be remembered long for demanding the impeachment of the President because of the word that, though the administration had been overloaded with money to spend, it purposed not to spend it. Another senator of this same class said that never again would appropriations run under three billions of dollars.

If Secretary Mellon's program can be made a continuing program, governing the fiscal policies of the nation whatever political changes may come to Washington, the war debt will be paid off in 18 or 20 years, permitting meanwhile a gradual reduction in taxes. It will require a good deal of watchfulness on the part of the public or the spendthrifts will smash that program to pieces. They are already grumbling over the sinking fund. Their attitude toward the budget is one of secret hostility and, with half a chance, they would fight it openly. The restlessness of the people over taxes acts now as a brake upon the spenders. But the brake will be as useless and powerless as a wisp of spiderweb if once the idea develops in congress that the glorious wartime expenditures with a shovel can safely be renewed. The senator who said congress would never again get below a three billion appropriation basis typifies a political class and a policy of government. The sweets of spendthriftiness have been tasted and economy is as ashes upon the lips.

The next congress will tell the story as to whether economies are to go on or be only a passing incident of the Harding administration. The present prosperity will provide more revenue next year than was produced this. Congress can see to it that the surplus on July 1, 1924, will be immensely larger than the one just announced. It can, on the other hand, insist upon spending every dollar available or prospective. The thing depends upon what control the spendthrifts will have over the new senators and representatives.

A Third Set of Teeth

China is a very fair imitation these days of the Balkan states. A cabinet has resigned because the president assumed the right to appoint petty government officers. Statesmen offered cabinet portfolios have politely declined, fearing that the gunmen of the former cabinet ministers might get them. The president himself has fled the capital.

The army is out of hand and planning to seize the government. The police of Peking have gone on strike. South China declines to respect the commands of the Peking government and at Canton is a body of politicians that issues proclamations denouncing the president as a tyrant and usurper. Several of the provinces are terrorized by bandits. American business men in Shanghai cable the state department at Washington that Chinese conditions are "the worst since the Boxer outbreak."

The China of the emperors was a loosely-held group of communities, divided by differing customs, shut off largely from one another by defective transportation and the barriers of dialects. Left alone, the empire muddled and blundered along with no very serious difficulties. But China could not live entirely to herself in a world constantly narrowing and rubbing elbows. The country had to change. What we see through the service of the news agencies is the process of alteration. Westernization comes hard, for the habits of Chinamen are deeply rooted in time, the ways of thought are matters of inheritance. China is an old, old country suffering the growing pains of a new youth as an old man might be expected to suffer the third cutting of a set of teeth.

The most serious aspect of the Chinese situation from the point of view of the outside world is that the people are getting modern firearms and learning to use them. Should unity ever come, China will dictate the affairs of Asia. Four hundred million people, having rifles and artillery, having a clear-cut purpose supported by firmness, could come very near to telling the rest of the globe what it should do.

Over-Advertised

The end of the war did one very cruel thing to German science. It punctured the belief, far spread over the globe, that the laboratories of Prussia had come into possession of the wand of magic.

There was, for example, the matter of rubber. About the time that the blockade of Germany was becoming most effective the whisper came through that her savants had worked out a formula for synthetic rubber. Not long after, one began to hear that food had been manufactured out of the simple elements of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and nitrogen. Before rumor was through it had credited a German with the discovery of altering lead into gold.

It is doubtful if German science will be looked upon with awe again. Gossip had spoken too well of it and when it proved to be no greater than science elsewhere opinion switched to the other extreme. Now few people believe that the Germans know how to make a decent hair-tonic.

President Harding says: "The greatest single industry in America is the management of the American home, where 20,000,000 women toil every day, 18,000,000 of these women doing their own work without help." It was about time for somebody high in authority to recognize the eighteen million greatest American women.

Truth is stranger than fiction when a well known liar tells it.

RUHR INDUSTRIAL REGION

Krupp Plants Make Peacetime Goods

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

(Copyright, 1923, by Carpenter's World Travels.)

STAND with me on the high tower that rises above the general offices of the Krupp works and take a mind's-eye view of the Ruhr. We are in the heart of the largest single industrial district on earth, the great coal basin of Germany, at the junction of the Rhine and the Ruhr, where all about are factories and foundries and all below, reaching far down into the earth, are the beds of black diamonds, the possession of which is now exciting the nations. This little valley, only 15 miles wide and about 50 miles long, is within a hundred and fifty miles of France, within fifty miles of Belgium, and not far from the great ocean port of Rotterdam by way of the Rhine. It is one of the great railroad centers of northwestern Europe, where 23 double track lines come in from and go out to all points of the compass, and where the whole country is covered with a network of high power transmission wires and industrial railways.

Cities of the Ruhr.

Essen, which is in plain sight from the tower, has now six hundred and fifty thousand population. It had only ten thousand in 1854 and, when the war began, its population was less than four hundred thousand. Since then it has gained fifty per cent and should the troubles with the French be soon settled, it will again put on its seven league boots. Dortmund, another manufacturing center not far away, has three hundred thousand, Duisburg, on the Rhine, has a quarter of a million, Gelsenkirchen and Bochum are big cities, and the rest of the valley is so spotted with industrial villages and plants that about one in 15 of all the people of Germany live and work here. The region is one of the most thickly populated on the globe. It is a little bigger than Rhode Island, and it has more than four million people. Over two millions are said to be employed in the mines and the factories.

The Ruhr and its Railways.

Now look at the little river below us. In normal times it is filled with barges and the caravan of traffic climbs up and down the locks which make it navigable to Witten, about 40 miles from where it flows into the Rhine. That is the Ruhr. It would be little more than a creek in the United States. George Washington, who threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock, could have thrown a cannon ball across the Ruhr and had strength to spare. But the Ruhr is one of the most important waterways of this part of the world. By its access to the Rhine it gives this region an outlet to the North Sea and by means of canals and barges can reach almost any part of the western, central and southern Europe. The Rhine is connected by the Rhine-Marne and Rhine-Rhone canals with France, and goods from the Ruhr valley can be sent almost to the Mediterranean by water. Belgium is reached by canal and, through the Rhine-Danube canal, exports can go to the Black sea. Germany has one of the most complete canal systems of the world and the most of it has access to this valley.

As to land transportation, small as the Ruhr valley is it has one-eighth of the German railway system, and its trains carry about 70 per cent of the German freight traffic. Normally 24,000 cars a day are required for the hauling of coal, and the goods manufactured go out by the train load to all the principal centers of Europe.

The Great Coal Mines.

They are mining black diamonds right under this tower on which we stand and through the thick, smoky air you can see the shafts of mines which have been working for decades. There is a shaft-house with whirling black wheels at our right and we can see the cars rise up high above the shaft and dump their loads into the furnaces, beginning their fiery work of making steel. The whole of the Krupp plant is founded on coal, and the city of Essen, which is bigger than Buffalo or Pittsburgh, covers catacombs from which they have been taking coal for hundreds of years. Some of the tunnels are not far from the surface and some are a half mile beneath us. Lying in his bed at night in some parts of the city, one can hear the picks and the blasting of the miners digging out coal far below. The same conditions obtain in other parts of the valley, and the whole country is underlaid with deposits said to be, next to the British coal, the best in Europe for the making of steel.

The Ruhr valley is peppered with coal mines and every mine has its steel works or some other kind of industrial plant above it. The whole region is an ant hill of industry and it is this coal, so accessible to the iron nearby, that forms the foundation of the prosperity of Germany.

As to the extent of the coal of the Ruhr, I have before me some figures made by the scientists. The mines have been worked for 600 years and so far about three billion tons of coal have been taken out of the ground. It is said that seventy-six billion more tons are easily accessible and that almost as much more coal can be mined before they begin to play out. Indeed, some of the German estimates say that the Ruhr has enough coal to last for two thousand years at the present rate of production. Others figure the amount left in the ground at 220,000,000,000 tons.

Nevertheless, the Ruhr has been giving Germany more than 60 per cent of its coal and at the same time furnishing millions of tons for export to France and the other countries about. In 1915 it produced two-fifths as much as Great Britain and before the French invaded the Ruhr more than a half million men were employed in the mines. The production the year before the World war amounted to 115,000,000 tons, and last year it had reached to within 18,000,000 tons of its pre-war production. At that time, in addition to the great supply given Germany and the 18,000,000 tons furnished the allies, the mines sent quantities of coal to Austria, Poland, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. Is it any wonder that these people object to the French taking the Ruhr?

A Billion Dollars in Factories.

Moreover the industries are so many that they affect nearly every factory and home in the republic. The pig iron production in normal times was more than five million tons and the steel output something like ten million tons. The capital invested in the district approximates one billion gold dollars, and among the products are iron and steel goods of all kinds, machines, textiles, salt works and coke ovens. The operations are on a grand scale. There are about nine hundred stock companies, and the organization is such that they all work more or less in combination, under Germany's most famous captains of industry. In the first place are the Krupps, who control Essen and its surroundings. Then comes Hugo Stinses who has the Bochum blast furnaces and steel works and controls the Deutsche Luxemburg Mining and Smelting Company, as well as the Gelsenkirchen coal mines, and then August Thyssen who has the blast furnaces of Hamborn. The Phoenix group headed by Herr Poensgen, controls the steel works near Duisburg and there are other large companies of note. This letter relates to the Krupp plant, which is a fair type of the whole.

In the Great Krupp Works

I have gone through the Krupp works several times in the past. I visited them first twenty years ago when they were making steel rails, machinery, cannon, and munitions for all parts of the world, and I saw them again before the war when every branch of the establishment had increased many fold. The Krupps began their existence as steel makers and they made crucible steel more than a century ago. They have always made more or less guns, shells, and armor plate, but before the World War they were the biggest steel makers of Europe, and in 1914 their steel output was more than a million and a half tons. At that time they were making war machinery of various kinds, but the officials tell me that all but ten per cent of the steel went into such things as rails, sections, plates, forgings, and castings of one kind and another. During the war the works were converted into one huge munitions factory, turning out thousands of guns and millions of shells. They then employed 115,000 workmen here at Essen alone, and in the various factories had, altogether, 180,000 engaged in war work.

Now the war is over they have gone back to the making of steel and the assembling and finishing of many kinds of machinery. They have reorganized the plant, have standarized the manufacture of all articles produced in large quantities, and have made their plans for running the institution to a greater capacity than ever.

Hindenburg Locomotive Shop

During my stay here I have gone through some of the reconverted gun shops. Take the famous Hindenburg works which ran day and night during the war. It is now one of the largest locomotive plants of Europe, and is making locomotives not only for Germany but for Russia, South America, and almost everywhere that trains run. Imagine a boiler factory covering ten acres, filled with railroad steam engines in every stage of construction, and you have some idea of the scene that greeted my eyes upon entering. The whole is a wilderness of moving belts and gigantic implements. The din is so great that one cannot hear his own voice. A thousand hammers are pounding on as many different pieces of iron. Scores of workmen are riveting boilers, and huge traveling cranes, some carrying locomotives, move back and forth through the works. Here they are cutting steel plate with acetylene flame and I can see the sparks fly as I stand in the gallery which runs around the shop. I am told that more than five thousand men are working away under my eyes. Moving on, I see them assembling the locomotives, and farther still, enter a shop covering an acre or so, where painters are finishing them. On my way out I stop and talk to the workmen. Those handling fine machinery and doing skilled labor receive only three cents an hour, and twenty-five cents a day is above the average wage of the fifty thousand and odd men and women employed.

In one great shop I saw the machines which made the "Big Berthas" now grinding out tubes to be used in the plants that take nitrates from the air. Some of the tubes have an inside diameter so big that a four hundred pound hog could crawl through one without scraping his bristles. They are bored out of a long steel cylinged the size of a hogshead by an augur as big around as a flour barrel. The steel is of great strength and toughness, but the augur cuts off huge shavings which curl round and round as though they were pine. The friction is so great that a stream of cold water must play on the metal and keep the bores cool as it cuts.

German Labor Versus American.

The next shop made me think of one of our International Harvester plants. It is devoted to the making of agricultural machinery and going through it was almost a Sabbath Day's journey. The buildings cover many acres and the work is so standardized that the output is great. They are making threshing machines, mowers and reapers, plows and harrows, and everything used on the farm. The various parts of the machines are painted by dipping them into vats containing the color desired, after which they are touched up according to order. In one great shop they are turning out only knives for reapers and mowers. The knives are piled up in cords and hundreds of men are finishing them for the completed machines. Nowhere did I see any idleness or waste of labor and everyone seemed to be doing good, honest work. Their machinery is as good as any we have in America and I cannot but wonder how this low labor cost will affect the price of German goods in competition with ours in the world markets. Twenty-five cents a day will surely beat from three dollars to six dollars a day if the products are the same.

Just now I am told that much of the machinery is intended for Russia, where the Krupps are said to have been given a large tract of land in the southwestern part of that country. According to current reports the tract is about 200,000 acres, and they will have the right to work it for 36 years, after which it is to go back to the government. During this time the Germans are to have entire control, but only half of the workers may be foreigners. All of the machinery is to be imported free of duty and the Soviet government has the refusal of a certain amount of agricultural products on the basis of Rotterdam prices. It is intended to use steam plows, steam harrows, steam harvesters and steam threshing machines for working the crops, and at the same time establish experimental stations which will teach the peasants modern farming and create a demand for the machinery made here in the Ruhr. The soil is said to be of the best in south Russia and with German overseers and a large proportion of German workmen, the new farms should form a great object lesson to the new peasant farm owners in the land of the Bolshevists.

From War to Peace

After going through the works I talked with Herr Homann, one of the Krupp officials, about the matter of changing the plant from a war to a peace basis. He says that it was costly to an extreme and that the Allied Control Commission destroyed about $5,000,000 worth of machinery, including 1,000 machine tools and 75,000 tons of other equipment.

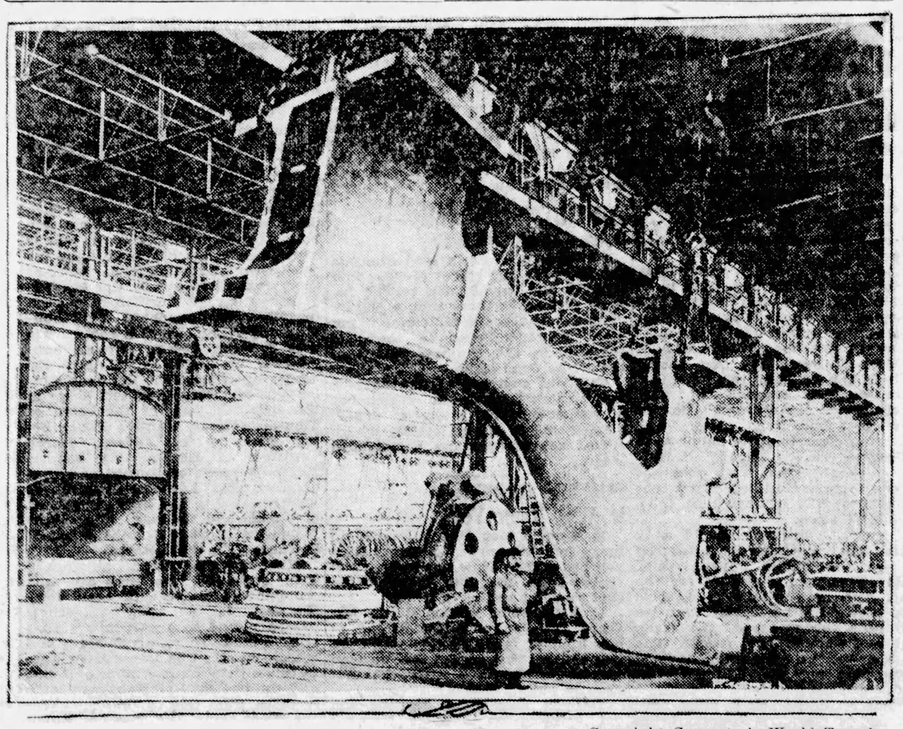
Before the war the steel turned out by the Krupps was largely in forgings and castings, for shipbuilding, machinery and railways. It was made here and completed in other places. It was raw material rather than a finished product. After the invasion of Belgium the employes were more than doubled in number, and in addition there were about 30,000 women. New shops were created and extensions were made, and everything was devoted to the making of guns and munitions. The result was that when the war closed many skilled workmen and engineers were out of jobs and they could not be employed on the production of steel in the mass. To give them work the Krupps took up the manufacture of precision instruments, cash registers, measuring tools, Diesel and raw oil engines, motor trucks. They are now making tools that must work to the thousandth or ten thousandth of an inch; they are producing electrical devices of various kinds, and machines for determining the balance of rotating masses. They have extended their work as to railroads and now make steel rails, sleepers and accessories for a permanent road way, and also structural steel for bridges and buildings. In fact, they can take a contract for an entire railway line, including the track, bridges, buildings, rolling stock, and everything that is necessary to create a system of running transportation.

The Ubiquitous Krupp.

In addition to the great works here, the Krupps have mines in other places, including Spain; they have a big plant at Rheinhausen where they make steel plate and forgings, and a shipyard at Kiel which built many of the battleships, cruisers, and torpedoes of the Germany navy, and turned out most of the submarine fleet. This plant is now engaged in building ship units of all sizes and kinds for the mercantile service.

Another great works belonging to the Krupps is at Madgeburg where chilled cast steel and chilled iron castings are made. These were used for the manufacture of small guns during the war but they are now employed in making all sorts of threshing and grinding machinery. These plants can build all the equipment needed by factories for the making of linoleum, celluloid, rubber and cement, as well as mills that treat sugar cane, coffee, and the various fibers.

In the Krupp Shipyards at Kiel



—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

THE Krupps are building merchant vessels in their great shipyards at Kiel. This gigantic rudder frame will be installed on an ocean liner.

ABE MARTIN

If it's dangerous business t' even talk t' a motorman that's runnin' a street car on a iron track, it must be awful hazardous t' hug an auto driver.

Experience is a great teacher but he don't seem t' be gittin' anywhere with Russia.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Women in Novels.

THE WOMEN of the old romances, the blushing maids of modest glances, their little lovelorn ditties crooning, on every other page were swooning. So sensitive were they, so tender, these critters of the female gender, a lover's eager way or spooning would break them up and set them swooning. Oh, often I have grown sarcastic, and sprung some comments harsh and drastic when reading tales of the frail Amandas who swooned all over the verandahs. The damsels of the modern stories, though having all the charms and glories, have cut out swooning as a habit—the modern female is no rabbit. As she goes breezing through each chapter the smoke of stogies has enwrapped her; she borrows matches from the hero, and strikes them on a plaster Nero, and keeps her cigarettes a-going, from cherry lips the smoke wreaths blowing. Beside the cuspidor she lingers, with nicotine she stains her fingers; by coffin-nails her breath is tainted—ah, me, the good old girls who fainted! I'd rather see a maiden swooning, while I my wooden lyre am tunning, than gaze upon a virgin smoking, a fox-trot crew around her joking. Some things seem wrong and out of season, though it be hard to give a reason; some things seem wrong and fierce and leery—a smoking woman makes me weary.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Ten Year Old

There he is—all curled up there,
Reading in the big arm chair;
Feet crossed under him, and turning
Pages with adventure burning;
Flushed a little by the fighting
Or some glorious deed exciting,
Eager till the tale is told,
There he is—and ten years old.

Seems but yesterday, or maybe
Just a week ago, a baby
Used to wake me with his crying,
And I'd go where he was lying
In his crib and gently shake him,
Upon my arm I'd take him.
Now just see the way he looks—
Ten years old, and reading books.

There he is, the pages poring,
Strange and dangerous lands exploring,
Sailing seas or riding prairies.
Seems but yesterday the fairies
Were his playmates in the garden;
Now his muscles grow and harden,
And he dreams of ploughtier deeds
In that arm chair as he reads.

Ten years old! Time swiftly speeds.
And I'm seeing as he reads,
Thumbing glad adventure's pages,
What a sudden thing old age is.
For that book and boy were seated
As my wife self repeated—
Look at him, and there behold
Me when I was ten years old.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest)

VARIETIES

Egypt has three societies for the liberation of women.

In London women frequently are employed in serving writs.

The patent office at The Hague employs two women engineers.

Scientists tell us that the current of the Amazon is felt 150 miles at sea.

The first of the Homeric poems is supposed to be about 2,850 years old.

In London is an exchange for disposing of superfluous wedding presents.

The women of Nigeria carry their new-born babies in calabash shells.

Women lawyers, judges and justices in the United States number 1,738.

Scotland first became known to history in the year 80 of the Christian era.

Women are better life insurance risks than men, according to insurance experts.

The Paris municipal tax on servants has raised about $75,000,000 in six months.

A St. Louis woman has kept a diary for 36 years. Not a day has been missed.

Several papers devoted exclusively to the bull ring are published in the City of Mexico.

Women voters in the city of Waltham, Mass., outstanding the men by nearly 2,000.

In the United States are more than 1,100 women who have been ordained to the ministry.

Worth in proper names, as in Kenilworth, signifies that the place stands on a tongue of land.

Farm bookkeeping is now taught in the eighth grade of public schools in 21 Ohio counties.

No bird ever visits the bank of Lake Avernus, near Naples, Italy, because of the putrid water.

More than 500,000 women in the United States earn a livelihood as stenographers and typewriters.

Wholesome and palatable shark meat was sold recently on San Francisco markets as white bass.

Two chopsticks broken in the presence of a witness are sufficient to divorce a cuple in Cochin, China.

In Turkey when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods, they blacken the whole front of his house.

A salamander, six feet long, believed to be 500 years old, has been discovered in a temple pond in Tokio.

At a marriage ceremony in India the bride stands on a large plate filled with milk and rose-colored meats.

Leprosy was known in China more than 2,000 years ago, but did not reach Europe until about the fifth century.

The federal government has paid out approximately $750,000,000 as compensation and insurance claims to ex-service men.

Women are not suitable substitutes for men in the engine room of a ship at sea, according to marine engineering experts.

Mysore, one of the most important native states in India, is to amend its constitution so as to permit women to vote.

Delbert Munson, an apple packer of Brewster, Wash., set a world's record packing 378 boxes in nine hours and 40 minutes.

Contrary to a prevalent opinion, the pig, although a greedy feeder, thoroughly appreciates a bed of clean straw and a bath.

Although the screw was an ancient Greek invention, the screw used to fasten wood first came into use about 200 years ago.

In England there is a society conducted by women for the promoting of long service among servants. Valuable prizes are given.

Certain venerable European sycamores are estimated to be 4,000 years old and measure as much as 40 feet in trunk diameter.

Fats and oils in the diet are two and one-fourth times more effective than either proteins or carbohydrates as sources of energy.

The art of tinning iron, appears to have originated in the sixteenth century and tinplate was first manufactured in Great Britain in 1670.

The high-intensity searchlight largely used in the world war for anti-aircraft defense, is now being employed to make night-flying safer.

In order to lessen her dependence on foreign supplies of gasoline France is trying to develop a national motor fuel with alcohol as its base.

The first chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to be formed in China, and the second in the far east, was recently established in Shankhai.

Every year one of the famous Parisian dressmakers permits each of his women employes to choose a dress and have it made up according to her own taste.

Noah Webster, the great lexicographer who wrote "Webster's Dictionary," also wrote the first general history of epidemic diseases published in this country.

A new method of extracting tannin from the bark of Douglas fir trees by air drying instead of the usual water process has been invented in Washington state.

Delaware has never been granted the right of franchise to women. While Delaware women have voted for the last three years, it has been under the national amendment.

The burrowing of pocket gophers in irrigation canal banks causes serious washouts, resulting in enormous annual loss to farmers in the irrigation districts of this country.

The more advanced Aztec and Inca tribes had acquired considerable knowledge of dyeing and other chemical operations long before the discovery of America by Columbus.

Talc, the material from which toilet powder used by American women is made, also is carved into grotesque images and sold as imitation jade in China, Japan and India.

One out of every hundred school children in Detroit has been found to have organic heart disease, and this is believed to be about the general average throughout the country.

Men who work in arsenic mines have to take every care to prevent themselves from becoming poisoned. They work with bandages over their noses and mouths to keep away the arsenic dust.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

BUNKER HILL OF 1923

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

DAN GOODRICH lived in a foreign settlement of a large American city. It was a city of steel and Dan was an American born lad of American parents. His father was an assistant superintendent in the steel mill which furnished a livelihood to the Hungarians, Bulgarians and other foreigners who lived in the settlement and toiled day in and day out at the great mill.

Across the little foreign settlements with its huddled cottages seemed to overflowing with nearly all children of foreign parents made an appeal as a residential district to the Goodrich family. But Dan's father wanted to live near the mill, so the lad was compelled to play with his friends among the boys who lived in huddled cottages, the yards of which were fenced in and devoted to the raising of vegetables so that not an inch would be wasted just for show.

Dan was the leader in the combats. The foreign children who looked to him as the great melting pot in which Dan Goodrich as their example of a real American. They wanted to be like him. And Dan took pride in being their leader. He was intensely patriotic and did his best to make Americans of the foreigners. He would gather a group around him and tell them of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson and other great Americans.

He loved to lead the gang up to the top of the hill on the edge of the city overlooking the great mill, and sit in the shade of the grove of trees there to tell them of the Revolutionary war, of how the patriots of that day had thrown aside the yoke of tyranny and established a nation.

Armed with sticks for swords and brooms for guns, the motley army of Slav children often would charge up the hill behind their doughty "General" Dan Goodrich and push back an imaginary foe. Dan began to call it Bunker hill. The children imitated him and told their families. Soon the entire settlement called it Bunker hill, although most did not know why.

Then trouble cast a cloud over the mill. The men grew sullen. Their work became unsatisfactory. They muttered of Russia, of soviety government and were heard to shout at times, "Down with capitalists." Lines of worry appeared on the face of Dan's father. He had his finger continually on the foreign pulse and felt its unusual throbbing. He told the superintendent and the latter told the general manager.

The source of trouble was discovered to be a shaggy-haired agitator who was wont to pass around through the settlement in the evenings to harangue small groups of workers who came out to lounge around and smoke their pipes before retiring for the night. Something ought to be done but the mill officials did not know what to do. They judged that drastic action taken to expel the agitator would cause more trouble and start the simmering pot to boiling fiercely.

While his father and the others were worrying, the Fourth of July approached, and Dan decided the gang ought to celebrate the holiday in real fashion. So he saved his spare cash and told his playmates of his scheme, but bade them to keep it secret as far as parents were concerned. As a result pennies and nickels had accumulated by the Fourth and Dan invested them in fireworks.

On the morning of that holiday two groups crept singly and in pairs from the settlement, each unobserved by the other. One was composed of idle mill employes, the other of many small boys, each dirty face lighted with enthusiasm and expectation. The workers climbed Bunker hill where they met the unkempt agitator who began at once to outline an uprising against the mill and its officials. The workers were urged to strike for their rights, to take over the mill and operate it themselves like the communists in Russia did when they revolted from the czar's rule.

Then everything would be perfect if the fiery agitator were to be believed. The workers would be the bosses and the money would flow into their pockets in a continuous stream. They could buy automobiles, would not have to work hard and would always have plenty to eat.

Meanwhile Dan's army, not knowing of the radical assemblage on the top of the hill which was concealed by a grove of trees, were dividing Dan's supply of fireworks among themselves. "General" Dan was marshaling his forces for an attack on Bunker hill to celebrate the Fourth in true American style. The army was to advance stealthily toward the top of the hill and, when near the grove, was to dash forward to the accompaniment of exploding firecrackers.

The radical speaker was in the midst of an oratorical appeal when Dan, who had gone ahead to scout before ordering the charge, heard these words, "Come on, fellow workers, we will take up arms against the bloated capitalists. We will march victoriously upon the mill, seize it and set up a soviet government here in America. This is not the land of the free but the land of the slave to money power. Liberty called you over here but she fooled you when you got here. She made slaves of you. Liberty bah! America bah! Russia forever!"

That was enough for "General" Dan. His America had been slandered by this low down dreamer. He leaped up and dashed toward the assembled foreigners with a small American flag in his hand.

"Don't listen to that dirty wretch. He's a liar," cried Dan, "Let me at him. I'll punch his face off."

It might have gone hard with Dan for someone in the crowd shouted something about Dan being a son of one of the bosses. But "General" Dan's army had mistaken Dan's sudden charge forward as the signal for advance, and they advanced. Shouting loudly, they swarmed onward and upward. Sizzling firecrackers were hurled into the air to come down with a boom and a bang right in the midst of the audience in the grove.

A pack of exploding firecrackers landed on the agitator's shoulder, bounced off and blew smoke and burnt powder into his face. He looked around, saw confusion everywhere and decided his life was in danger. The next thing Dan saw was the man, who was going to take up arms against America, in cowardly flight down the other side of the hill with the foreigners looking at him.

That evening there was a gathering of mill executives in the Goodrich home. The general manager had one hand on Dan's shoulder. Turning to his assistants, he said, "Our troubles are over, men. The hunkies were scared out by their own children who made a fool of the agitator. Little Dan Goodrich here is the "general" who won the 1923 battle of Bunker hill. We owe him more than a vote of thanks."

"You owe me nothing," faltered Dan, abashed by the presence of so many notables of the steel mill. "I heard the dirty wop knock America, and, believe me, I wasn't going to stand for it. My army thought I meant for them to charge and I'm glad they thought so."

And so the 1923 battle of Bunker hill was marked down in the annals of the steel mill settlement.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

O. W. Holmes.

HOBBIES

There I come again. After such a long time I am glad to sit with you young folks again. I have a few words about hobbies this time. Is there anyone who has no hobby? I guess not, for all seem to have something of the kind, and sometimes it looks as if they were contagious. Are your hobbies such that they do you or anyone else any good, either in precept or example?

I would like to hear some of you tell me about your hobbies. They may do some of us good, you know. I will just mention some of mine. About 40 years ago I took up the hobby that it was no use for a person to drink tea, coffee, whisky, or other drinks of the kind, and today there is no living being who can say he ever saw me take a drink, go into a saloon or smoke or chew tobacco. To this hobby I lay the blame that for fifty years I have not lost a week on account of sickness. When I see young men that should be as straight and strong walking no straighter than I do on account of smoking cigarets and some who use intoxicants and their school reports show the effects I am sure their brains are deficient in strength.

Another hobby of mine that I see is not often used even by our beloved Martha, is to use the capital letter "M" in writing the word "mother," as applied to a human parent. Mother is the most sacred word in our language. No better woman ever lived than my mother, and I would feel I was not honoring her memory if I did not use this honor in writing her name.—J. M. Baker, California.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

I want to express my opinion of the styles of today. I think they are far more sensible than those of our grandmothers. Of course, one can go to extremes, but no one admires a boy or girl who clings to styles long out of date. I think bobbed hair and short skirts are all right for girls if they look right. But I don't approve of women wearing short skirts and bobbed hair, because you can't tell whether they are 12 or 40 years old.

I certainly do not approve of girls smoking cigarets and using slang, or boys either. It is a very bad and foolish habit that one will regret in after years. I agree with Lone Traveler about the flappers. They do have some good points. Some of them are just as good as the other girls. Just because they are lively and independent is no sign they are bad.

I think we should cultivate the right kind of qualities and make the most of our lives as well as be a factor for bettering the world. We should analyze ourselves to discover our faults as well as our virtues. Then try to remake yourself.

What do you cousins think about the churches today? I think there were better churches in olden times because far more people attended church then than today. When some do go to church they do so just to see, be seen and have a good time. The church is a place to worship God, not a place to have a good time. Most of the people of today seem to think more of joy rides and worldly goods than of religion. I think it is a thousand times more important to be righteous than to be rich, famous or cultured.

I think the people of today are living too fast and not thinking of the future. Now don't think I am a grouch or a pessimist. I am just plain—F. C. A. of W. Va.

UNCLE ZEKE'S GUIDE-POSTS

Dear Nieces and Nephews—Don't get the idy that it's easy work settin guideposts. Next to walkin by em, it's one of the most hardest things about em. It's just dig, dig, dug, k'chug till you get all shuck up over em, an then—mebbe some graceless scamp'll have the impydunce to throw some o' your own clods at you. Nevertheleast, such drawbacks only make you appreciate stake-setters. So, grittin your teeth, you say, "Here goes for the first stake, an all the boomerang-outangs 'ats on it!" and u-p up she goes!

An now this first guidepost is set where it stands to pint to the fact that the character of a body's motor-power has a lot to do with his gettin anywheres; an as everybody furnishes his own motor-power, his own character is the first thing to get right. Your Uncle Zeke sort o' resented this fact at first; but he soon found out that if he was to do a man's job it was as plain as the nose on his face which, though talked about, is undoubted, he'd have to be a man to do it.

The second post, as to th' buildin o' character, there's one fact we can't learn any too previous to be prepared for it; an that fact, my young friends, is this'n: Though arkyteks may draw up the best o plans for us, ev'ry man has to furnish his own timber for buildin. But you can tell as soon as you've struck a tree whether th' timber's there, or th' tree hollow. Soon as it strikes some they're list'nin to good advice, the hollow sound, "That's preachin!" rezounds from the empty space in 'em. It's too bad for the trees, but you can't make nothin out o' such ones but hollow stumps an logs for varmints to roost in, or measly shacks for the wind to play with. But—atwixt us—the fact that they don't take to cents when it's to be had, don't go for to show that they've got an over supply on hand; for, brace theirselves as they may, in some upper story builders can't never make up for the solid foundation they didn't lay.

Howsomever, layin good foundation is a dispopular amusement with some people. Mebbe they've no substantial ground to lay 'em on; or mebbe it takes too much diggin—or they don't show enuff when they are laid. Be that which way, or t'other, one thing's shure: it's on th' foundation that the whole structure rests. Still, nobody but them as has the timber in 'em for somethin, needs it, and it's them, it's YOU, I'm talkin to. Only, since the rotten wood's not good for nothin' nohow, it won't hurt to use it for mulchin th' sound trees a bit, while we're hewin out another post.

"But, Uncle Zeke," pr'tests some-'un, "don't we site any further by this one? What about the Bible sayin that nobody can lay any other foundation than the One that is laid?' Well, that's God's truth; an without rock-botom, man's work'll not stand—not to his honor. Unless your foundations the Living Truth, your character 'll be a dead failure—in the end—whatever its size an sound. Yet you darsent tell some animals that, or they will trample it under their feet, an then get arter you. But don't be afeared to recommend the Solid Rock to th' sound timber men. "A word to th' wise is suffishent," but to the fool it's a overdose. (Both pers'nal mem'ry, as well as pers'nal observation unite together in testifyin to the latter).

But—so long to you! I'm off for to find some more posts. My dear nieces and nephews, don't site to row where you don't want to land; for landin's bad some places.—Uncle Zeke.

Beauties to Marry

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

TWO real beauties are to marry, both engagements being announced in Berlin. One, an American girl, will marry a prince; the other, a German princess, will marry a German schoolmaster. Wilhelmina Bancy of California will wed Prince Clovis of Hohenlohe and Maria Rosa, princess of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein, is engaged to Joseph Hugo Waldenmaier, schoolmaster and son of a factory worker, formerly private tutor in the Hohenlohe household.

Mixing With Martha

Luncheon Menu.

Baked Grapenuts Dish
Lettuce Salad
Wholewheat Bread
Tea Jam

Frozen Rice With Strawberries.

Wash 1 cup of rice and cook until tender or soft in 1 quart of milk with ½ tsp. of salt and the rind of ½ a lemon. Add ½ cup of sugar, 1 cup of stiffly beaten cream and 1 tsp. of vanilla. Pack into a mold, having the mold filled to overflowing. Cover with a piece of buttered paper, put cover on tightly and pack in salt and ice for 2 hours. Use 2 parts of ice to 1 part of salt. Unmold and serve with crushed strawberries, sweetened to taste. The lemon rind may be removed from the rice before it is molded.

Strawberry Sponge.

Soak 1 1-3 tbsp. granulated gelatin in 1-3 cup of cold water and dissolve in 1-3 cup of boiling water. Strain and add 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of strawberry juice and 1 tbsp. of lemon juice. Set in a pan of ice water, and when mixture is well thickened beat with a whisk until frothy. Then add the whites of 3 eggs, beaten until stiff, and fold in the whip from 3 cups of thin cream. Turn mixture into a charlotte russe tin, smooth evenly and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish and surround with selected strawberries.

Green Pea Loaf.

Cooked peas rubbed through a sieve, 1½ cups; bread crumbs, 1½ cups; milk, 1½ cups; 1 egg, slightly beaten; 1 slice onion, chopped, salt and pepper to taste. Scald the milk, add the onion, bread crumbs, peas and egg. Season to taste. Bake in a buttered baking dish or timbale olds in a moderate oven until firm, about 20 minutes.

Tomato Asparagus Salad.

Cook 1 large bunch of asparagus until tender, cool and chop fine. Prepare 1 cup of mayonnaise and add 1 cup of whipped cream, 1 tsp. of grated onions, ½ cup of capers, the asparagus, 1 tsp. of salt, ½ tsp. of white pepper. Mix well and then fill into tomatoes which have had centers scooped out; mask with mayonnaise on top.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.
Daniel Webster.

WORLD O. K., PEOPLE BAD.

Dixie Moonbeam, just think of the cousins when you pay Keystone Bachelor that visit. Vermont Greenhorn, take us on another hike soon. Abigail Gray, Apple Blossom, Uncle Josh and Frank Hawkins, all your letters were fine.

Auntie says, "Every day should be Mother's day." My own mother is the best friend I have. I try to help her in some way every day. Spinner in the Sun, why not ask your mother's advice? Lonesome Kid says that the world is getting much worse. The world is O. K. It is the people in it. When shall our homes cease to be merely boarding houses? While fathers and mothers are providing for the bodily comfort of their children they should not neglect the sweetest part of the work, feeding their hearts with affection and love. They are starving for it.

I am not trying to tell parents how to raise their children. That is too serious a question for me. Humpty Dumpty, drag me out and let Anne of Green Gables have my place. You see I'm Irish.—Just a Kid.

HER IDEAL HOME

I would like to drop into this corner for a few minutes and have a little chat. I want to tell you about my ideal home. The ideal home for me is built alongside a lake. There must be French windows leading out on a porch on the eastern side of the house with the lake a few yards away. Don't you think it would be lovely to sit out on that porch on a warm Summer evening and watch the moon rise over the water?

The house does not have to be any larger than the ordinary farmhouse but I would like evergreens and large birches nearby. I would also have oceans of flowers and some nice houses for the birds. Last but not least, my home would be one where love and devotion and peace and joy would abound forever.

And as to my ideal man, I do not care so much about the color of his hair and eyes. They could be green, yellow or purple but I want him to have a beautiful heart. You know the heart is what counts the most.

I think "Harvester," written by Gene Stratton Porter, is an excellent story. I think I have said enough this time and had better skeedaddle. I notice Don Quixote's eyes fastened upon me with a questioning look but I don't know whether he is wondering if I am going to leave soon or whether I have powder on my face. Well I haven't any, Don, and am with you in capturing all the powder puffs. I would also capture all the men's pipes, cigars and cigarets.—Forget-me-not of Wis.

ANTICS OF BIRDS

I am writing to tell you about some song sparrows that have made their home in our yard. Three Summers ago two sparrows came to live in an old apple tree. They built their nest in the hollow of the tree and hatched a nice flock of little birds. They soon taught the young birds to use their wings, giving them lessons every day. They wouldn't allow any other birds near the young ones. If any approached fierce warbling was heard for awhile.

As the apple tree stood near a window in the house at sunrise and sunset the birds could see their own images reflected in the window panes. They would make angry dashes toward the window and try to peck their own images through the glass. But they soon found out that they were doing no good and desisted to take better care of their young.

The next Summer they came again and raised a brood of five. This makes the third Summer they have been in our apple tree. They are very happy and have three little birds to feed.—Bird Lover of W. Va. hills.

PARADISE OF WRENS.

I came all the way from my home in the hills to talk about birds. There are two little wrens which build their nest every year in a can which hangs on our yard fence. Probably someone wonders why we have cans hanging on our fence. Several years ago we placed a row of them on the picket fence to dry out. The bottom fell out of one and it was not taken in. When we did go out to remove it we found the wrens had made their nest inside and so we left it hanging there.

It has hung there ever since and each Summer is the home of these birds. We also have a large mulberry tree standing in one corner of the yard. In Summer the tree is full of birds. Last Fall when the leaves dropped we counted over a dozen nests.

A person who does not know something of the carefree country life where the birds sing, bees hum and flowers bloom is not enjoying the most wonderful gift of nature. "God made the country, man made the town," is an expression we probably all remember.—A Bashful Kid.

A FEW IDEAS

I would like to have a seat beside Just a Fright. I am afraid of skunks too. I want to say just a word on the flapper question. I think it is all right to have your hair bobbed at least till you are 14 years old. How many of the cousins agree with me?

I live near Beaver Creek. If I had a pair of wings or was a good jumper I could go up the hill, jump off and land in the creek. I am inviting all of you cousins to come down and go swimming with me.

There are many groundhogs where I live. Last Summer there was an old groundhog under our wash house. It would eat our vegetables so one day papa raised the window and shot it.—A Dutchtown Lass.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Never cook cabbage in a covered vessel.

Triplicate saucepans save space and gas.

Use soda and water to clean the refrigerator.

Heat the knife that is to be used for cutting hot cake.

Slip a paper bag over your head when blacking the stove.

The top of the baking powder can is a splendid cookie cutter.

A flour dredge is an absolute necessity in the kitchen if you want smooth gravies.

Thin slices of orange and Spanish onion are appetizing served on lettuce with French dressing.

Too much baking powder will cause a cake to be coarse and dry in texture.

The addition of a little tomato juice will give a slightly red tinge to a mold of meat jelly.

A jellied bouillon of chicken and veal is an appropriate first course for a Spring luncheon.

Suet which has been put into a dripping pan and placed in the oven to become thoroughly warm will keep for weeks.

The picnic salad can be wrapped in waxed paper, packed in paraffin drinking cups and eaten with paper spoons.

If the last step of your cellar stairs is painted white it may save you a nasty fall and is bound to answer that inevitable question as to whether you are on the last step or have you arrived?

Good Old Stand-by

APPLE pie is always in favor. And you know we don't malign pie now as we did a few years ago. Well-made pie is quite digestible for the person in good health. Fruit pie, though some critics object to it because of the mixture of fruit and sugar, is decidely toothsome and if it is not too sweet cannot be considered injurious. And indeed good apple pie, made with plenty of apple filling, and with a light crust, is a pretty well balanced dish, dietetically.

You can do most interesting things to the flavor of apple pie simply by varying the condiments and seasoning you use. Of course, there are those who prefer a definite flavor every time — perhaps a little cinnamon, perhaps nutmeg and butter, perhaps just sugar.

Chat With Cousins

Sis! Boom! Bah! Bang! Bang! Bang!

How's that for fireworks? You see, the Fourth of July is near and we must celebrate the birthday of our nation. Of course fireworks are banned in the cities, but there are no policemen on the Household page and we aren't afraid to explode a few typographical fireworks. They are harmless anyway. Do you realize, cousins, that 147 years ago the nation was born? It has been a long time. Since then we have had prosperity and depression, peace and war. But from every war we have emerged victorious. From every financial depression we have recovered and set sail on the sea of prosperity again. Our flag still waves over the land of the free. It will always wave as long as there are real Americans living. Don't let any one try to force you from the path of true Americanism. This is your country. Be for it every day in every way. Don't listen to the mouthings of the radicals and traitors who would have you cast aside your Americanism. Be for America first, last and all the time.

An old soldier who fought in the Civil war, Alexander Scott of Tennessee, writes about his experiences. He served in the 17th regiment, Co. A, U. S. colored troops. He would like to hear from some of his comrades. His address is R. F. D. No. 6, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Lizzie Elliott, we are sorry, but the poem you mention is lost. We have searched everywhere for it.

Prairie Star, an ex-soldier, says Zane Grey's story, "The Day of the Beast," is true to life. Prairie Star served in the Verdun battle for 21 days and nights without resting.

One of our readers wrote a nice letter, but there was no more signed. There was no address either. We are sorry, but it is against our rules to publish this letter. You must always sign your name to the letter.

Ann loves June because it brings to view so much of God's wonderful works. Life is in every green thing growing and she loves to sit by the window and look out upon the beautiful hills that surround her home.

Aunt Martha is sorry, Chuckles, but what you ask is impossible right now. The typographical effect of the paper would be spoiled by the change you suggest.

Watch for the June Honor Roll. See if your name is listed. If it isn't don't be discouraged.

The June roses in bloom made Minnehaha feel like writing to the page. So she sat down to tell us about the roses in her yard. They are of six different colors. The catbirds have a nest in the pink rambler about 10 feet from the front door. So you see the catbirds like roses the same as Minnehaha and Aunt Martha.

Poem Lover's father is 70 years old and the mother is 73. Both are able to work.

Maude Thompson of Ohio began to correspond with several Blade cousins in 1914, among them Minnie Hendershot of West Virginia. All this time she has been writing to Minnie, although they have never seen each other, only through photographs. Now Minnie is going to visit her this Summer. Isn't that nice?

Quickshot Girl refuses to heed all Aunt Martha's warnings and all Mr. W. B.'s dislikes by sending a poem she wrote. W. B. gave a mighty roar when he saw it, and Auntie said good-bye to the poem.

A man once made the prediction that after the Civil war vets all had passed away there would be no more observances of Memorial day. But God plans for everything. That man didn't know then that a new mighty force of veterans would be created to carry on the work of the G. A. R. That force is ever growing and the American Legion, composed of World war vets, is ready to take up the duties of the G. A. R.

Snatches From W. B.

My ideal home would have true love in it.—Augusta Tatum, Ga.

The dishpan is as horrible looking to me as I imagine W. B. to be. Mother says I would rather take care of babies any time than to wash dishes. I like to cook and make candy and raise chickens. There are several baseball teams in this locality and as I am a good rooter I do all the rooting I can for the boys.—Just a Puzzle.

Aunt Martha, I am small, so won't you please wrap me up in your apron to keep me from chilling, as it is rather cold here now. I believe Mr. W. B. has eyes in the back of his head, he always sees me.—Sunshine of W. Va.

There are many birds here and I help the mother birds raise their broods.—Belle of N. C.

How many of you have seen the crosses burned by the Ku Klux Klan? I saw one this month.—Dort of Ohio.

Poems Wanted

"The Hat Me Father Wore," "Larry Magee's Wedding," "Mother Kissed Me in My Dreams," "Tim Finnegan's Wake," "Old-time Five-Dollar Bill."

POETS' CORNER

The Rising

By Thomas Buchanan Read.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

The yeoman and the yeoman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint,
Renewed the polish of each gun,
Re-oiled the lock, reset the flint;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended breath,
The lead into the molds of death.

The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft
By some unhallowed earthly stain;
But under the celestial bound
No nobler picture can be found
Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need:
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood:
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of night,
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And lo, he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before;
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! War! War!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die!"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "I."

Tell It Again

(A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gypsy tent. Bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered, "Nobody ever told me.")

Into the tent where the gypsy boy lay,
Dying alone, at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried—said he:
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

REFRAIN.

Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er.
Till none can say of the children of men,
"Nobody ever has told me before!"

"Did he so love me, a poor little boy?
Send unto me the glad tidings of joy?
Need I not perish? My hand will
He hold?
Nobody ever the story has told!"

Bending, we caught the last words of his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death;
"God sent His Son!—whosoever!" said he;
"Then I am sure He sent Him to me!"

Smiling he said, as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me He was sent!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the West:
"Lord, I believe! Tell it now to the rest."

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord:
And this shall be the sign,
And this shall be the sign:"

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:
Who thus addressed their song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease!
Begin and never cease!" Amen.

Whispering

Honey, I have something to tell you,
And it's worth while listening to.
Put your little head on my shoulder
So that I can whisper to you.

Chorus.

Whispering while you cuddle near me,
Whispering so no one can hear me;
Each little whisper seems to cheer me,
I know it's true, there's none dear but you.
You're whispering why you'll never leave me,
Whispering why you'll never grieve me,
Whisper and say that you believe me,
Whispering that I love you.

When the twilight shadows are falling,
And the weary world is at rest,
Then all whisper just why I know, dear,
Loving time is always the best.

Only a Pansy Blossom

Even E. Rexford.

Ah! 'tis only a pansy blossom,
Only a withered flower,
But yet to me far dearer
Than all in earth's fair bower.

Bringing me back to June-time
Of a Summer long ago—
The fairest, sunniest Summer
That I shall ever know.

Oft from the pale, dead blossom
I see a fair face start,
A face like a sweet wild flower,
Out of its faded heart.

Only a pansy blossom
I gathered at her feet,
Faded unlike the love
That made that Summer sweet.

Still in this pansy blossom
Her tender face I see,
From under the churchyard grasses,
Bringing her back to me.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

Remember last week I was going to tell you about a fight between Papa and Mamma when Aunt Martha stopped me because there was no more room on the Household page. Well, this week I'll start right out about the fight at the beginning and she can't stop me.

When Papa came home one night for supper he looked at Mamma and then she looked at his face and what she saw there made her mad. She started to say something about being in style when Papa broke in and said, (I heard him say it) "Are you insane, Mary?"

Mamma, she said right off like a flash, "Not now, but I was when I married you. I didn't think that I'd have to ask your permission for everything I did. I didn't know marriage was slavery with the wife being the slave. I can't help it if you don't like it and what's more, I don't care. So there."

And Papa, he says, "Are you through talking?"

Mamma, she says, "I can talk all I want to, can't I? Since when did women lose their right of free speech? It's a pity a woman can't do something without asking her husband. We have the right to vote but you think we can't talk when we want to."

Papa, he says, "Far be it from me to curtail your speech. I don't like the inside of a jail."

Mamma, she asks, "What do you mean by that?"

Papa, he says, "Why, the only way to stop a woman from talking is to cut off her head."

Dear cousins, I guess I'll have to stop again without telling you what they fought about but I'll surely tell the next time. Anyway, they had a fight and that's how it started.—Jimmy.

FRIENDS NOTICED IMPROVEMENT

Wonderful Results from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bethel, Wis.—My female trouble was bronght on by overwork. I had worked in stores and had to do heavier work than my strength could stand, and had to be on my feet most of the time. Finally I had to give up this work entirely and stay at home. Doctor's medicine did not give me much relief, and my mother wanted me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took a couple of bottles of it and thought it did not help me as much as it should, so I gave it up to try something else. Nothing I took helped me much, so I finally decided to give the Vegetable Compound another trial and to take enough of it to make sure it would help me. I have taken it over a year now and it has brought wonderful results. I have gained from 98 to 110 pounds and am keeping house now. My friends all notice the change in my health. I will be glad to answer all letters that women write to me about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. W. G. MONSON, 1515 Park Ave., Beloit, Wis.

Mrs. Monson is willing to write to any woman suffering from such troubles.

Broken Hemstitching

If the hemstitching breaks in an otherwise good scarf or pillowcase do not cast it aside but crochet either a very narrow insertion or some hairpin lace and insert in place of the hemstitching, cutting carefully through the center of the stitching so as to leave a finished edge to which the lace can be sewn.

USES FOR JELLIES AND JAMS

Stewed, dried apricots or peaches are nice the first serving; the second day when there is danger that the family tire of them, add a tablespoon of pineapple jam to each serving.

Any mild egg pudding, made with rice, bread, left-over cake o ra plain custard is richer and more tasty if dotted with jam or jelly, before placed on the table.

Try milk toast with loganberry or blackberry jelly as well as with the traditional currant jelly. Equally satisfying is creamed rice with jelly.

A firm jelly can be cut into squares to use in fruit salads or to dot cake frosting or ice cream.

Jelly roll, jelly tarts, jelly doughnuts and jelly omelet are all easy to produce if the jelly is at hand. They can be varied now that one can have as many kinds of jam and jelly as there are fruits obtainable.

Jam or jelly is always nice on waffles or pancakes for an informal dessert or for supper.

Rhubarb jelly is particularly good with boiled ham; other jellies served with the meat course are grape, currant, mint and pineapple jelly.

For a game course mix a spoonful of currant jelly with the gravy.

Brown bread toasted and discreetly spread with jam or pelly is welcome at tea. So are tiny raised biscuits, opened, buttered, spread with jam and served whole.

Apple sauce with a little strawberry jam added to it, is quite a different dish.

When hard up for "something new," try French toast spread with strawberry jam. And for cake fillings and sandwiches, all good jams are good.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD

Continued From Page One

small fire, in a deep gorge. Presently he went on:

"I found a heap o' Injuns at Swegache—Mohawks, Senekys, Onandogs an' Algonks. They had been swappin' presents an' speeches with the French. Just a little while afore they had had a bellerin' match with us 'bout love an' friendship. Then sudden-like they tuk it in their heads that the French had a sharper hatchet than the English. I were skeered, but when I see that they was nobody drunk, I pushed right into the big village an' asked fer the old Senecky chief Bear Face—knowin' he were thar—an' said I had a letter from the Big Father. They tuk me to him.

"I give him a chain o' wampum an' read the letter from Sir Bill. It offered the Six Nations more land an' a fort, an' a regiment to defend 'em. Then he give me a lot o' hedgehog quills sewed on to buckskin an' says he:

"'You are like a lone star in the night, my brother. We have stretched out our necks lookin' fer ye. We thought the Big Father had forgot us. Now we are happy. Tomorrer our faces will turn south an' shine with bear's grease.'

"Sez I: 'You must wash no more in the same water with the French. You must return to The Long House. The Big Father will throw his great arm eround you.'

"I strutted up an' down, like a turkey gobbler, an' bellered out a lot o' that high-falutin' gab. I reckon I know how to shove an idee under their hides. Ye got to raise yer voice an' look solemn an' point at the stars. A powerful lot o' Injuns trailed back to Sir Bill, but they was a few went over to the French. I kind o' mistrust thar's some o' them runnygades behind us. They're 'spectin' to git a lot o' plunder an' a horse apiece an' ride 'em back an' swim the river at the place o' the many islands. We'll poke down to the trail on the edge o' the drownded lands afore sunrise an' I kind o' mistrust we'll see sign."

Jack Irons was a son of the much respected John Irons from New Hampshire who, in the fertile valley where he had settled some years before, was breeding horses for the army and sending them down to Sir William Johnson. Hence the site of his farm had been called Horse Valley.

Mr. Binkus went to the near brook and repeatedly filled his old felt hat with water and poured it on the fire. "Don't never keep no fire a-goin' a'ter I'm dried out," he whispered, as he stepped back into the dark cave. "'cause ye never kin tell."

The boy was asleep on the bed of boughs. Mr. Binkus covered him with the blanket and lay down beside him and drew his coat over both.

"He'll learn that it ain't no fun to be a scout," he whispered with a yawn and in a moment was snoring.

It was black dark when he roused his companion. Solomon had been up for ten minutes and had got their rations of bread and dried vension out of his pack and brought a canteen of fresh water.

"The night has been dark. A piece o' charcoal would 'a' made a white mark on it," said Solomon.

"How do you know it's morning?" the boy asked as he rose, yawning.

"Don't ye hear that leetle bird up in the tree-top?" Solomon answered in a whisper. "He says it's mornin' jest as plain as a clock in a steeple en 'that it's goin' to be cl'ar. If you'll shove this 'ere meat an' bread into yer stummick, we'll begin fer to make tracks."

They ate in silence and as he ate Solomon was getting his pack ready and strapping it on his back and adjusting his powder-horn.

"Ye see it's growin' light," he remarked presently in a whisper. "Keep clost to me an' go as still as ye kin an' don't speak out loud never—not if ye want to be sure to keep yer ha'r on yer head."

They started down the foot of the gorge then dim in the night shadows. Binkus stopped, now and then, to listen for two or three seconds and went on with long stealthy strides. His movements were panther-like, and the boy imitated them. He was a tall, handsome, big-framed lad with blond hair and blue eyes. They could soon see their way clearly. At the edge of the valley the scout stopped and peered out upon it. A deep mist lay on the meadows.

"I like day-dark in Injun country," he whispered. "Come on."

They hurried through sloppy footing in the wet grass that flung its dew into their garments from the shoulder down. Suddenly Mr. Binkus stopped. They could hear the sound of heavy feet splashing in the wet meadow.

"Scairt moose, runnin' this way!" the scout whispered. "I'll bet ye a pint o' powder an' a fish hook them Injuns is over east o' here."

It was his favorite wager—that of a pint of powder and a fish hook.

They came out upon high ground and reached the valley trail just as the sun was rising. The fog had lifted. Mr. Binkus stopped well away from the trail and listened for some minutes. He approached it slowly on his tiptoes, the boy following in a like manner. For a moment the scout stood at the edge of the trail in silence. Then, leaning low, he examined it closely and quickly raised his hand.

"Hoofs o' the devil!" he whispered as he beckoned to the boy. "See thar," he went on, pointing to the ground. "They've jest gone by. The grass ain't riz yit. Wait here."

He followed the trail a few rods with eyes bent upon it. Near a little run where there was soft dirt, he stopped again and looked intently at the earth and then hurried back.

"It's a big band. At least forty Injuns in it an' some captives, an' the devil an' Tom Walker. It's a mess which they ain't no mistake.

"I don't see why they want to be bothered with women," the boy remarked.

"Hostiges!" Solomon explained. "Makes 'em feel safer. Grab 'em when they kin. If overtook by a stouter force they're in shape fer a dicker. The chief stands up an' sings like a bird—'bout the moon an' the stars an' the brooks an' the rivers an 'the wrongs o' the red man, but it wouldn't be wuth the song o' a barn swaller less he can show ye that the wimmen are all right. If they've been treated proper, it's the same as proved. Ye let 'em out o' the bear trap which it has often happened. But you hear to me, when they go off this way it's to kill an' grab an' hustle back with the booty. They won't stop at butcherin'!"

"I'm afraid my folks are in danger," said the boy as he changed color.

"Er mebbe Peter Boneses'—'cordin' to the way they go. We got to cut eround 'em an' plow straight through the bush an' over Cobble Hill an' swim the big creek an' we'll beat 'em easy."

It was a curious, long, loose stride, the knees never quite straightened, with which the scout made his way through the forest. It covered ground so swiftly that the boy had, now and then, to break into a dog-trot in order to keep along with the old woodsman. They kept their pace up the steep side of Cobble Hill and down its far slope and the valley beyond to the shore of the Big Creek.

"I'm hot 'nough to sizzle an' smoke when I tech water," said the scout as he waded in, holding his rifle and powder-horn in his left hand above the creek's surface.

They had a few strokes of swimming at mid-stream but managed to keep their powder dry.

"Now we've got jest 'nough hoppin' to keep us from gittin' foundered," said Solomon, as he stood on the farther shore and adjusted his pack. "It ain't more'n a mile to your house."

They hurried on, reaching the rough valley road in a few minutes.

"Now I'll take the bee trail to your place," said the scout. "You cut ercrost the medder to Peter Boneses' an' fetch 'em over with all their grit an' guns an' ammunition."

Solomon found John Irons and five of his sons and three of his daughters digging potatoes and pulling tops in a field near the house. The sky was clear and the sun shining warm. Solomon called Irons aside and told him of the approaching Indians.

"What are we to do?" Irons asked.

"Send the women an' the babies back to the sugar shanty," said Solomon. "We'll stay here 'cause if we run erway the Boneses'll git their ha'r lifted. I reckon we kin conquer 'em."

"How?"

"Shoot 'em full o' meat. They must 'a' traveled all night. Them Injuns is tired an' hungry. Been three days on the trail. No time to hunt! I'll hustle some wood together an' start a fire. You bring a pair o' steers right here handy. We'll rip their hides off an' git the reek o' vittles in the air soon as God'll let us."

"My wife can use a gun as well as I can and I'm afraid she won't go," said Irons.

"All right, let her hide somewhar nigh with the guns," said Solomon. "The oldest gal kin go back with the young 'uns. Don't want no skirts in sight when they git here."

Mrs. Irons hid in the shed with the loaded guns.

Ruth Irons and the children set out for the sugar bush. The steers were quickly led up and slaughtered. As a hide ripper, Solomon was a man of experience. The loins of one animal were cooking on turnspits and a big pot of beef, onions and potatoes were boiling over the fire when Jack arrived with the Bones family.

"It smells good here," said Jack.

"Ayes! The air be gittin' the right scent on it," said Solomon, as he was ripping the hide off the other steer. "I reckon it'll start the sap in their mouths. You roll out the rum bar'l an' stave it in. Mis' Bones knows how to shoot. Put her in the shed with yer mother an' the guns. an' take her young 'uns to the sugar shanty 'cept Isr'el who's big 'nough to help."

A little later Solomon left the fire. Both his eye and his ear had caught "sign"—a clamor among the moose birds in the distant bush and a flock of pigeons flying from the west.

"Don't none o' yer stir till I come back," he said, as he turned into the trail. A few rods away he lay down with his ear to the ground and could distinctly hear the tramp of many feet approaching in the distance. He went on a little farther and presently concealed himself in the bushes close to the trail. He had not long to wait, for soon a red scout came on ahead of the party. He was a young Huron brave, his face painted black and yellow. His head was encircled with a snake skin. A fox's tail rose above his brow and dropped back on his crown. A birch-bark horn hung over his shoulder.

Solomon stepped out of the bushes after he had passed and said in the Huron tongue: "Welcome, my red brother. I hear that a large band o' yer folks is comin' and we have got a feast ready."

The young brave had been startled by the sudden appearance of Solomon, but the friendly words had reassured him.

"We are on a long journey," said the brave.

"And the flesh of a fat ox will help ye on yer way. Kin ye smell it?"

"Brother, it is like the smell of the great village in the Happy Hunting Grounds," said the brave. "We have traveled three sleeps from the land of the long waters and have had only two porcupines and a small deer to eat. We are hungry."

"And we would smoke the calumet of peace with you," said Solomon.

They walked on together and in a moment came in sight of the little farmhouse. The brave looked at the house and the three men who stood by the fire.

"Come with me and you shall see that we are few," Solomon remarked.

They entered the house and barn and walked around them, and this, in effect, is what Solomon said to him:

"I am the chief scout of the Great Father. My word is like that of old Flame Tongue—your mighty chief. You and your people are on a bad errand. No good can come of it. You are far from your own country. A large force is now on your trail. If you rob or kill anyone you will be hung. We know your plans. A bad white chief has brought you here. He has a wooden leg with an iron ring around the bottom of it. He come down lake in a big boat with you. Night before last you stole two white women."

A look of fear and astonishment came upon the face of the Indian.

"You are a son of the Great Spirit!" he exclaimed.

"And I would keep yer feet out o' the snare. Let me be yer chief. You shall have a horse and fifty beaver skins and be taken to the border and set free. I, the scout of the Great Father, have said it, and if it be not as I say, may I never see the Happy Hunting Grounds."

The brave answered:

"My white brother has spoken well and he shall be my chief. I like not this journey. I shall bid them to the feast. They will eat and sleep like the gray wolf for they are hungry and their feet are sore."

The brave put his horn to his mouth and uttered a wild cry that rang in the distant hills. Then arose a great whooping and kintecawing back in the bush. The young Huron went out to meet the band. Returning soon, he said to Solomon that his chief, the great Splitnose, would have words with him.

Turning to John Irons, Solomon said: "He's an outlaw chief. We must treat him like a king. I'll bring 'em in. You keep the meat a-sizzlin'!"

The scout went with the brave to his chief and made a speech of welcome, after which the wily old Splitnose, in his wonderful head-dress of buckskin and eagle feathers, and his band in warpaint, followed Solomon to the feast. Silently they filed out of the bush and sat on the grass around the fire. There were no captives among them—none at least of the white skin.

To Be Continued

The highest price ever paid for a poem was 6,000 golden crowns paid to Sannazaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy of their city—a poem of six lines only.

RIMROCK TRAIL

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

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(Copyright, 1922, J. Allan Dunn.)

Continued From Last Week.

Sandy turned him over, brought Keith's flask into play. Hahn looked up at him and essayed a grin.

"Yo're game all right, Hahn," said Sandy. "You ain't the man I was lookin' fo', but you fired first. I see I wasn't the first to plug you. Mebbe I can fix you up a bit?"

Hahn shook his head.

"'Twouldn't be a mite of use," he said huskily. "Im empty of blood as a prohibition flask. I reckon it will be prohibition for me from now on. They say its sure dry where I'm going. No grudge against you, Sandy. I thought you one of Brandon's gang. They got Butch and me and' they're chasin' Jim Plimsoll to hell and gone—over Nipple Peaks—if he beats em to Spur Rock he'll fool 'em on the black—I couldn't ride—he left me here—with the girl—but the case is empty and the bank's bu'sted—cashing —in—time and no chips."

He was wandering in his mind, speaking without control, but Sandy's mouth tightened at the mention of Nipple Peaks, relaxed again on the word "girl." He gave Hahn the last few drops of whisky.

"Where in hell'd you get that?" asked the dealer weakly, coughed violently, collapsed, shuddered, writhed a little and was still before he could answer Sandy's eager question about Molly.

He found her without much searching, rolled down a little slope beyond the crevice. Under the light of the torch her eyes looked up at him. Her hair was in disorder, her raiment torn, her slender body wound about by the lariat rope, her mouth and chin hidden by the tightly drawn bandanna, but her gaze, reflecting the flare of the pine knot, held so much of welcome, of faith, of pride and courage, all sourced in something deeper, far more wonderful, moving beneath the surface like a well spring, that Sandy's heart swelled with glad emotion, knowing she was unharmed, knowing that his coming was no surprise, however welcome.

He found himself trembling as he untied her bonds and took away the gag from the mouth that lifted to his. She snuggled into his arms and, as the torch sputtered out, leaving them in the darkness, save for the luminous beams that stole down from where Grit whimpered in joyous impatience, her hair showered down over both of them.

"Sandy. I knew you'd come in time!" she whispered.

He held her close and hard for a tense moment that gave all his world to his embrace.

"Molly—girl," he said brokenly, his voice broken with passion.

Her hand crept up and a soft palm cupped about his chin. He kissed the edge of it. He rose easily, still holding her and lifted her high to where she could reach the vine, swinging up after her, Grit dancing a three-legged reel of joy as they came up into the free air and the moonlight.

Blaze greeted them in the corral. Molly mounted and Sandy set Grit on the saddle in front of her.

"Where's Pronto?" she asked.

He told her.

"I figger Sam and the boys'll be erlong soon,' he said. "They may meet up with Pronto. Anyway, they'll likely bring Goldie fo' me. She's up. An' Pronto'll be too tired for what I want him to do ternight.'

She sensed the change in his voice, intuitively guessed but, womanlike, asked:

"What do you mean, Sandy? Aren't you coming home with me to Three Star. If it wasn't so far I'd love to go back just like this, without meeting anybody." She had taken off Sandy's Stetson and she ran fingers through his hair, thrilling him to the intimacy of the caress. But, if there was any plan in her actions, it did not deter him from his."

"Plimsoll's makin' fo' Nipple Peaks an' he's likely to git clear. Me, I aim to hed him off an' settle the account."

"Sandy." There was a plea in her voice that plucked at his heart strings. "Don't spoil tonight. Please!"

"That ain't Molly Casey talkin'," said Sandy. "That's somethin' you must have picked up back to Keith's."

"He didn't harm me, Sandy."

"He tried to."

Her hand slipped to his shoulder, touched his cheek. She reined in Blaze. Sandy stood beside her, straight and stern, his eyes implacable.

"He ain't fit to live," he went on. "I w'udn't be fit to go back to Three Star where yore daddy lies an' and know he was there in his grave while I let that coyote go loose. I found the luck-piece on the floor of the cabin, Molly, with a lock of yore hair he must have torn out, a button an' a bit of yore dress he nigh tore off you. I was in hell when I thought of you fightin' him off an' if I have to wade through it knee-deep in flamin' sulphur I'm goin' to find that snake an' make sure he quits trailin'. Why, it's may job, Molly. What w'ud you think of me if I let him slide?"

"I know," she answered.

A horse whinnied from down the vine. Blaze answered.

"That'll be Sam an' the boys, Molly." He cupped his hands and sounded a "Yahoo!"

The answer came back clear through the evening, multiplied by the rocks about them.

"I'm afraid," she said.

"Afraid?"

"I know. I never was before. But . . ." She broke off, leaned swiftly down from the saddle and kissed him.

"Come back to me soon, Sandy," she said.

CHAPTER XXI.

The End of the Rope

Pronto had chosen his own trail and gait back to the Three Star. It was Goldie that Sandy rode under the stars toward Nipple Peaks. He was alone, refusing any company of Sam or the riders. Molly's last kiss had been the key that turned in the lock of his heart and opened up to reality the garden of his dreams where the two of them would walk together, work together all their days. It could have meant nothing else. And she had been afraid—for him. Plimsoll living was a blot upon the fair page of happiness. Though Molly, thank God, had come through unharmed, to Sandy the touch of Plimsoll was a defilement that could only be wiped out by his death.

Nipple Peaks he knew by sight, two high mounds of bare granite above the timber-line, barring the way to a jumbled country of peaks and ravines and cross canons among which lay Plimsoll's Hideout, Spur Rock he knew only by rumor. That there was a pass between the peaks he did not doubt. And he rode to meet Plimsoll coming down out of it. To have returned to the Hideout and attempted to follow a rock trail by moonlight, despite its brilliance, would have been sheer folly. Plimsoll had from three to four hours' start, he figured. And he calculated that, with luck, with common luck and justice, he would pick him up before he reached the base of the mountain, before he got into the timber. If not, sooner or later he would cut Plimsoll's sign and follow it to the end.

As he rode over the finny ridge of Elk Mountain and saw the Nipple Peaks gleaming above the black pines across the valley, with Elk River gleaming in the middle, he realized that he had said nothing to Molly of Keith, of the shutting down of the mine and his own action in her name. While she had asked nothing of young Donald. For the time it had been as if the rest of the world had been fenced off from them and their own intimate affairs.

He compressed his knees and the mare answered in a lope that stretched into a gallop, fast and faster as she reached the levels and sped toward Elk River. Sandy was not going to waste time looking for a ford. The mare could swim. The moon, sloping down toward the west, still above the range, helped by the big white stars, made the valley bright almost as day. He scanned the mountain toward the peaks, passed over the dark impenetrable pines, surveyed the stretch of gently rising ground between the Elk and the trees and shifted his guns in their scabbards. His rifle he had left with Sam. Either Plimsoll had not passed the peaks, was in the woods, or he had come and gone. Something told Sandy this last had not occurred. Travel beyond the peaks must have been hard and slow and roundabout for Plimsoll while he had tangented fast for the cut-off.

The mare took the cold river water about her fetlocks with a little shiver, wading in to the girths, sliding to a deep pool where she had to swim a few strokes before she found gravel under her hoofs and scrambled out. Suddenly, while Sandy hestitated how best to arrange his patrol, a horse came floundering out of the pines less than a quarter of a mile away, a black horse, shining with sweat, tired to its limit, staggering in its stride, the rider hunched in the saddle more like a sack of meal than a man.

Before Sandy could turn the mare toward them three riders burst from the trees like bolts from a crossbow, spurring their mounts, the two in the lead swinging lariats. They divided, one to either side of the foundering black stallion, one at the rear, gaining, angling in. The ropes slithered out, the loops seemed to hang like suspended rings of wire for a second before about the neck and shoulders of the black's rider. They tightened, the lariats snubbed to the saddle horns, the horses sliding with flattened pasterns. The black lunging on, pitched forward as it was relieved of a sudden weight and its rider jerked hideously from the saddle, hands clawing at the ropes that choked his gullet, wrenching, sinking deep, shutting off air and light with a horrid taste of blood and the noise of thundering waters.

The ropers wheeled their mounts and galloped back towards the woods, the limp body of their victim dragging, bouncing over the ground. The third rode to meet Sandy. It was Brandon. He hailed Sandy with surprise.

"How'd you happen here this time of night, Bourke? Not looking for me?"

"No. I was looking for the man you've just caught. I was about a minute too late."

Brandon glanced curiously at Sandy, caught by the grim note in his voice. But he made no comment.

"Sorry if I spoiled your private vendetta, Bourke. You can have him, what's left of him, if you want. We were going to swing him from a tree with a card on his chest presenting him to Hereford County, with our compliments. As it is, Bourke, I'd be relieved if you'd keep out of this entirely. Even forgetting you'd met us. We're within our rights, but we've done some cleaning up tonight that we might have to explain if we stayed too long in the state. We got the goods on Plimsoll; one of his men whose girl Plimsoll had stolen helped us to pin them on him. We met him at Hereford. I'm going to send the facts and proofs to your authorities. They may not approve of lynch law these days, but they wouldn't act—and we did. I don't fancy they'll bother us any. He wasn't worth the ropes he spoiled. Just as well you kept out of the mix-up."

Sandy said nothing. There was no need to mention Molly's adventure.

"Want to be sure it's him?" asked Brandon. "Let's look at the black first. He gave us a hard chase, but we were too many for him and rounded him up."

They found the black stallion stretched out on the turf with its neck curiously twisted. Tired out, it had fallen clumsily and broken the vertebrae. It was quite dead. Both men looked at it silently, with a mental tribute to a good horse.

The body of Plimsoll lay at the foot of a big pine. The loops were still tight about his neck. One of the ropes had been tossed over a bough. The two men had dismounted. They nodded to Sandy as he came up with Brandon. He had seen them before on their first unsuccessful trip to the Waterline. They were horse owners, responsible men, who considered they had administered justice, who felt no more qualms concerning the dead man than if his body had been the carcass of a slaughtered steer.

"Waiting for the rest of the boys to come up," said Brandon. "We'll hit the trail home tonight, Bourke wants to identify the body, boys."

Sandy looked down at the contorted, blackened face, and his disappointment at having been forestalled, sedimented down. The gambler's features had not been made placid by death; they still held much of the horror of the last moments of that relentless chase, his horse falling under him, foreknowledge of sudden death and then the whistling ropes, the jerk into eternity . . . It was a thing to be forgotten, a nightmare that had nothing to do with the new day ahead.

"It's Plimsoll," said Sandy shortly. "I'm ridin' back to Three Star. I found him hangin' to a tree. Good night, hombres.' He left them standing about their quarry and turned the willing mare toward home. Peace settled down on him under the stars that were fading, the moon below the hills when he rode into the home corral.

A figure was perched upon the fence, waiting. It was Molly, and she leaped down almost into his arms as he sprang from the mare. In the gray dawn her face seemed drawn and weary. There were the blue shadows under the eyes that he remembered seeing there the time they had ridden over the Pass of the Goats. She came close to him, her hands up against his chest.

"You're safe, Sandy. Safe!"

"I was too late,' he said. "Brandon's men had been ahead of me."

"I'm so glad, Sandy. Your hands are clean of his blood. They are my hands, now, Sandy."

He swept her up to him, kissing her mouth and eyes, the eager pressure of her lips returning all with full measure. A streak of rose glowed in the east behind the amethyst peaks. Her face reflected it like a mirror. The tired lines were gone as he set her down.

"How long have you been waiting, Molly?"

"Ever since I got back. I slipped out of the house when the rest had gone to bed. If you hadn't come back, Sandy, I should have died."

"I don't have to go back east," she said presently. They had left the corral and were under the big cottonwoods by Patrick Casey's grave. "Do I?"

"I don't reckon you can, even if you wanted to," answered Sandy. "I forgot to tell you, Molly, that you're bu'sted, so far's the mine is concerned. Listen."

She laughed when he finished speaking.

"Is that all?" She patted the turf on the green mound. "I'm sorry, Daddy, for you, it didn't pan out bigger. But I guess what you wanted most was my happiness—and I've got that." She turned to Sandy. The big bell of the ranch boomed brassily. Molly put her hand in Sandy's. "It may be most unromantic, Sandy dear," she said, "but I'm hungry. Let's go in to breakfast."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Very End.

There was a council held later that day, that was almost a council of war. Sandy was in the chair, Mormon and Sam present, Molly the indignant speaker-in-chief.

"Im very much ashamed of all of you," she said. "An agreement is an agreement, and we were to share as we arranged. We shook hands upon it. I've had three times as much as any one of you, as it is. I haven't spent all of it, Sandy tells me.

"I've got to accept Sandy's share of it, I suppose, because it goes with Sandy. As for you, Sam Manning, you'll need your third when you marry Kate Nicholson."

Soda-Water Sam gasped.

"Marry Miss Nicholson?"

"Certainly. She expects you to."

"She—Molly, it ain't no jokin' matter with me. She wouldn't look at a rough-hided cuss like me."

"You ask her, Sammy. Mormon, I suppose you'll have to hang fire until you find out about that third wife, I hope the fourth time will be the charm. It will if you marry Miranda Bailey."

"You're sure talkin' like a matrimonial boorow, Molly," said Mormon. "I sure think a sight of Mirandy. She's different from my first three. They all married me fo' me to look out fo' them. If Mirandy can be persuaded to take me it's becos she is willin' to look after me. She 'lows I need it," he added sheepishly. Then he chuckled.

"I've knowed the whereabouts of my third fo' some time back," he said. "She got a divorce six years ago. I've kept the matter secret as a so't of insurance policy. I've allus been sort of unbalanced in my leanin's to'ards the sex, you see. An' it sure acted as a prop an' a defense so fur."

"Then the meeting is closed," said Molly. "I accept your apologies and you keep your money."

Mormon and Sam rose. With a glance at each other that ended in a wink, they left the room. Molly turned to Sandy.

"You didn't give me back my luck-piece, Sandy."

"What does a mascot want with a luck-piece?"

"She would like it made into an engagement ring, Sandy."

"Why not a weddin' ring, Molly, Molly mine?"

THE END.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

IF YOU need an attractive blouse the one in No. 9922 will capture your heart right away. It will go with either your plain or pleated skirt. Two new frocks just out are just the thing for this time of year. One is No. 1793 and the other No. 1782. Maybe you need a straight slip and will find No. 1792 is what you want. Little daughter gets her clothes soiled easily in the Summer. She needs a large assortment. No. 1781 is a simple style that can be laundered easily. And if you want another porch frock try No. 1779.

No. 1793—Blouse Frock—Patterns for this simply-made affair comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size you will need 3⅝ yards of plain material 36 or 40 inches wide and 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the waist.

No. 1779—Porch Dress—The garment is in one piece and the bib can be unfastened to iron. Patterns come in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material is needed.

No. 1781—For Little Daughter—Daughter needs so many clean frocks during the Summer that mother should select nothing but simple styles that can be laundered easily. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. 3¼ yards of 36-inch material with ⅜ of a yard 36-inch contrasting will make this raglan-sleeved frock and bloomers in the 8-year size.

No. 1782—Jiffy Frock—This is so simple in construction that one would need little or no knowledge of home dressmaking to finish it in an hour or two. You will see by a glance at the diagram how one straight length of material cut out to form the kimono waist and how, when two widths of the material are left for the skirt, a graceful cascade each side is the astounding result. The pattern comes in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting.

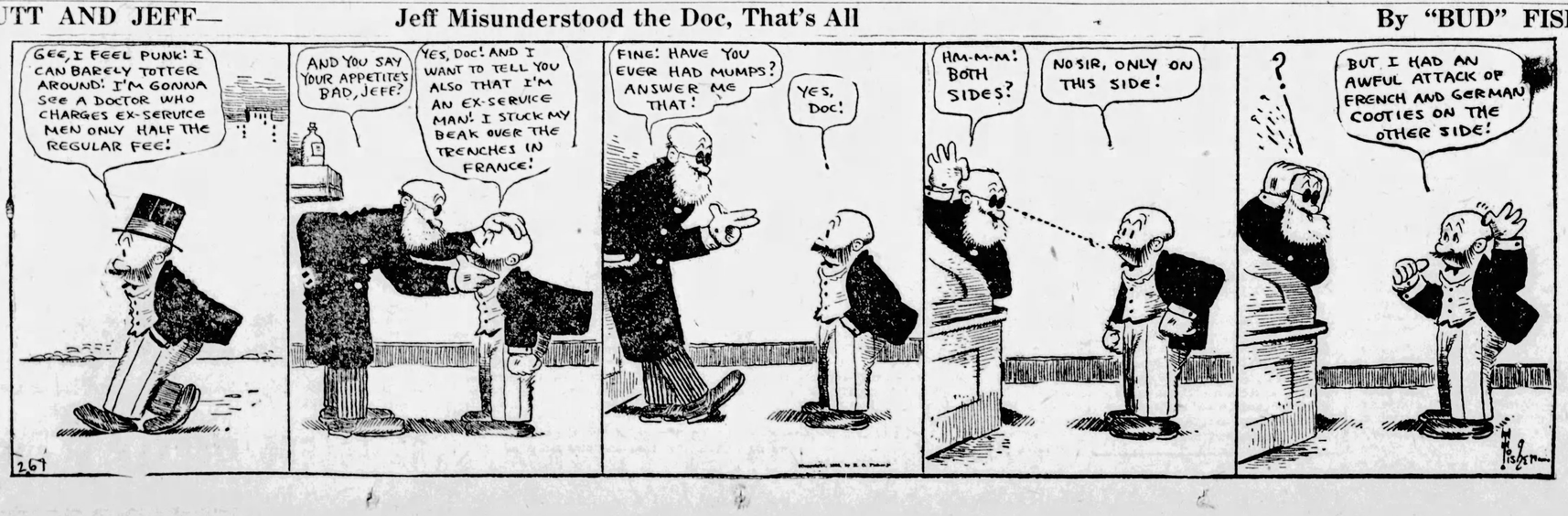
No. 1792—Straight Slip—For wear under one's sheer Summer frocks, nothing could be expected to fill that need better than a straight slip of the type illustrated. The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of material 32, 36 or 40 inches wide.

No. 9922—Charming Blouse—The best dressed women have found that when a blouse is worn with plain or pleated skirts the effect is a much desired one. You can order a pattern of this blouse in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. And you will need only 1½ yards of 36-inch material to make it in the 36-inch size.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF— Jeff Misunderstood the Doc, That's All — By "BUD" FISHER


GEE, I FEEL PUNK! I CAN BARELY TOTTER AROUND! I'M GONNA SEE A DOCTOR WHO CHARGES EX-SERVICE MEN ONLY HALF THE REGULAR FEE!
AND YOU SAY YOUR APPETITE'S BAD, JEFF?
YES, Doc! AND I WANT TO TELL YOU ALSO THAT I'M AN EX-SERVICE MAN! I STUCK MY BEAK OVER THE TRENCHES IN FRANCE!
FINE! HAVE YOU EVER HAD MUMPS? ANSWER ME THAT!
YES, Doc!
HM-M-M! BOTH SIDES?
NO SIR, ONLY ON THIS SIDE!
?
BUT I HAD AN AWFUL ATTACK OF FRENCH AND GERMAN COOTIES ON THE OTHER SIDE!

Child-birth

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!

When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says:

"With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse, and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I was so very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA 46, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

Get Rid of That FAT

Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. My treatment has reduced at the rate of a pound a day. No dieting, no exercise, absolutely safe and sure method. Let me send you proof at my expense.

Dr. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician, State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., New York, Desk A-8

BRITONS SCORE ELLIS ISLAND

Retaliation to Force U. S. to Alter "Prison-Like" Receiving Home.

Ellis Island has been denounced in the house of commons and the suggestion has been advanced that Great Britain ought to retaliate if the American government does not change the methods of detaining British subjects there. Harry Becker, independent conservative, asked the under-secretary for foreign affairs, Ronald McNeill, how many English men and women are "incarcerated" on Ellis Island owing to the British quota of immigrants being filled. Mr. Becker also asked if the under secretary's "attention has been called to the fact that sometimes as many as 150 women and children of all nationalities and colors are placed in one room to sleep; will he make representations to the United States government protesting against this prison-like treatment of English subjects, and in the event of continuance of this practice will he consider taking measures of retaliation."

Mr. McNeill replied:

"I cannot say exactly how many British subjects are at present detained on Ellis Island. The attention of His Majesty's government has repeatedly been called to the conditions prevailing there and no opportunity has been lost of pressing the United States to effect an improvement. It would be difficult to devise suitable means of retaliation as very few citizens of the United States come to this country to settle."

Sir Harry Brittain asked if the under-secretary did not agree that no improvement had been made and that within the last few days English visitors to the United States with passports and vises, in order, had been subjected to these indignities and kept in a cage" with people of all nationalities.

Mr. McNeill, making a general reply, said there were extraordinary difficulties in dealing with the subject.

"As far as I am aware," he added, "the United States government is very anxious to do anything they can to alleviate conditions. There are very great difficulties in the way."

ATTACKS BY AIR IN GAME OF WAR

British Army Will Study Ways to Fight Off Airplane Raids.

A great rehearsal of plans for the air defense of London, in case of future wars, is to be held on a grand scale this Summer. A huge camp is being established on the East coast and operations are to be conducted in a realistic fashion.

The main scheme is that a great fleet of battle planes, air scouts and other flying craft will endeavor to break through unobserved. Day and night attacks will be made and the defenders will be kept perpetually on the alert. Anti-aircraft guns and traveling searchlights will flit continually across the country and offer desperate resistance to the invaders. It will be a contest of brains in which expert technical skill, as well as courage beyond ordinary, will be required on the part of all concerned.

Both forces will be drawn from the territorials, who, although nominally an auxiliary force to the standing army, are always on active service. They are a force not needing special mobilization, as is the case with other auxiliary forces, and the defense of London is their main object.

Illinois Short $1.06 on Each 1922 Citizen

Cost of running the government of Illinois exceeded the revenues of the state by $1.06 a person during the fiscal year of 1922, the census bureau announced. Expenditures totaled $52,118,260, or $7.83 a person, compared with $4.08 a person in 1918.

Illinois' net indebtedness amounted to $1.41 a person compared with 33 cents in 1918.

Clubs Wolf to Death in Chicago Back Yard

William E. Murney clubbed a timber wolf to death in the back yard of his home in Chicago after he had been painfully clawed. The animal found its way to Chicago, it is believed, on a lumber train from the North woods.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. C. Hurst, who lives at 508 E. Olive St., (3455), Bloomington, Ill., is grateful at having cured herself fast out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst says there is nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

DROPSY TREATED ONE WEEK FREE short breathing relieved in 24 to 36 hours. Swelling reduced in 15 to 20 days. Wonderful Discovery. Write for free trial treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. 83, ATLANTA, GA.

ASTHMA HEALED! The Cause Removed

and Asthma banished forever. Let us tell you about Asthma-Sera, our wonderful new medicine which has cured many hundreds of people. Asthma and Hay Fever quickly, permanently relieved — breathe deep, and free, and full again. Send this announcement to R. M. B. LABORATORIES 725 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Neighborhood News

"EVERY ONE UV TH' FELLERS WOT OWNS THESE DOGS IS PAYIN' ME T' TAKE CARE UV 'EM WHILE HE'S AWAY F'R TH' SUMMER
MR and MRS PHILIP JONES CAME HOME THE OTHER DAY TO FIND THAT THEIR SON HAD EMBARKED IN THE BOARDING KENNEL BUSINESS.

TROTSKY WOULD FLY AT BRITAIN'S THROAT UPON WINGS OF IRON

An attack on England, hints of a Russo-French rapprochement and a plea for "more metal in our national character" marked an address by Leon Trotzky, soviet war minister, before the All-Russian congress of metal workers.

"If an ultimatum is presented to us," he exclaimed, referring to the recent British notes, "let us create a detachment of airplanes. If a coup d' etat occurs in Bulgaria, let us build another detachment of airplanes, and if there is a coup d' etat in Persia, build more planes.

"The iron in our will must be transferred to the iron wings of airplanes; then we can say, looking high above at our squadrons, 'this is the coup d' etat in Persia'—and so on. If we transform the criminalities of the bourgeoisie into airplanes, then perhaps we shall be able sometime to bring an end to their criminalities."

Hits England, Italy.

M. Trotzky said England and Italy had assisted in the coup d' etat in Bulgaria, and the British had aided in the Nationalist overthrow in Persia. Declaring that Russia's losses in the World war were overwhelmingly greater than Britain's, Trotzky added:

"It was for this purpose, perhaps, that Lord Curzon felt strong enough to deliver us his 10-day ultimatum, it was necessary that the blood of the Russia workers and peasants be shed. This account some day we shall present to the English bourgeoisie.

"England remains true to her traditional policy. In the international war her role was also dictated by her international policy. In reality her's was a provocative role. When the English proletariat opens the safes of the English diplomacy, the records will, if they are not already destroyed, show the real role of England in the World war.

Real Role of Britain.

"It is the same in regard to the Ruhr—if England had not wished France to do so, there would have been no Ruhr occupation. To bring two peoples into struggle, while they rest aside themselves, in order to be able to appropriate the results, is the traditional policy of the English bourgeoisie.

"We have seen the English souls. They are good thick, heavy leather souls. From such leather are built the skulls of the English Philistines, which one has to beat with a hammer for a long time."

FRENCH AUTHORITY DECLARES COL. HOUSE TOO OPTIMISTIC

The article by Colonel House in the Review of Foreign Affairs, in which he declares the United States ultimately will see the error of its ways and come to the aid of Europe, is universally appreciated in France, but at the same time has given rise to skeptical comments that such optimistic assertions from prominent Americans can only carry a false interpretation of America's real intentions.

Phillipe Millet, writing in the Paris Midi, says:

"One can never say too much good about Colonel House, with his honest face and his gay smile. He is not only a charming man, but a perfect gentleman, yet unfortunately he is the victim of his own generosity."

Mr. Millet quotes Colonel House's statements to the effect that the United States should support the demilitarization of the Rhine as a guarantee of the payment of the German debt and open the League of Nations to Germany. He comments:

"In brief, it is the Wilsonian paradise which reopens. However, the article merely once more creates illusions in Europe as to the real disposition of the United States. Never has the United States been farther from a return to Europe. If President Harding cannot force his international court project on the American congress, it is certain that American league membership is even more unlikely than ever. Furthermore, an international loan is even judged impossible by the best experts.

"It would be better for Europe if this state of affairs were well known, but it becomes even more difficult to convince Europeans, especially when the best and most competent Americans write in such a manner."

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Movie Man to Hunt Cannibals and Beasts in Fiji Wilds With Airplane

An airplane will be employed to hunt cannibals and wild animals and film them by Francis J. Ford, explorer, motion picture producer and actor.

Radio, also, will be an important equipment in Ford's outfit.

Ford is going to the South Sea islands with a motion picture camera to penetrate the jungle and take cannibal, wild animal and under water photographs for travelogue, educational and adventure films. In addition he will carry on explorations for traces of an ancient civilization and a fabled continent among the thousands of unknown and uncharted islands in the South Pacific, which are said to be rich in historical lore.

He plans to hunt wild tribes and search for unfrequented places heretofore not pictured.

Ford sailed from San Francisco recently on the S. S. Ventura, of the Oceanic line. Honolulu is his first port of call, and he will disembark at Pango-Pango. He will visit Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji Islands, New Hebrides, Solomon Islands, New Guinea and Borneo.

At Samoa Ford will be joined by a native servant. The rest of his party will include savage carrier boys and a guard of soldiers.

Los Angeles and Hollywood pastors gave him letters of introduction to missionaries, and Pacific Fleet letters to United States naval commanders, who will offer Ford assistance for his safety.

Ford will also carry along with him a big supply of traders, stores to barter with the natives.

6 MILLION FUND FOR PALESTINE

Director Tells Delegates U. S. Will Finance Holy Land.

Six million dollars have been raised in the past two years by Jewish organizations in the United States devoted to Palestine upbuilding, and of this sum $4,250,000 has been raised by the Palestine foundation fund (Keren Hayesod), it was indicated in a report read at a session of the Zionist convention in Baltimore. The balance of $1,750,000 was contributed by other organizations. Included in the $1,750,000 is the sum of 75,000 pounds for the bonds of the municipality of Tel-Aviv (Palestine) which were floated in the United States.

Morris Rothenberg, chairman of the board of directors, who is also a member of the administration of the Zionist organization of America, stated that the rate of progress in Palestine depends on the success of the Palestine foundation and that, owing to the increasing support which this fund is obtaining from the Jews of America, there is every reason to expect that the rebuilding of Palestine as a Jewish national homeland will continue. The Jews of America, he added, are the mainstay of Palestine in view of the economic ruin of the Jewries of other [illegible] the war.

Beer Becomes Popular With People in Japan

Beer is rapidly replacing sake as the national drink of Japan. While there has been no appreciable increase in the output of distilleries which produce sake, the increase in the amount of beer brewed is very marked.

Ten years ago 21,288 koku of beer were brewed; last year the consumption was 765,027 koku.

Sake still is used on ceremonial occasions but beer is the more popular beverage.

Completes 75 Years in Mines of Britain

Claiming to be the oldest working miner in Great Britain Peter Stark has completed 75 years of work at Holytown, Lanarkshire, where he has been employed since he was nine. Stark, hale and hearty at 84, still works in the mines.

SOVIET REDUCES ARMED STRENGTH

Red Forces Cut 150,000 at Beginning of Year, Expert Says.

Much of the mystery and speculation which have existed concerning the strength of the Soviet Red army is said in London to have been cleared by a military correspondent of the London Daily Mail who has just returned from Moscow. He says at the beginning of 1923 the strength of the army had fallen from 950,000 to 800,000. At present there are 280,000 men in the infantry, 60,000 in the cavalry, 70,000 in technical units, and 30,000 in the navy. The Cheka's frontier units contain 50,000 men and its internal units 60,000.

The army has 2,000,000 rifles, 14,500 machines guns, 5,750 light machine guns, 3,000 cannon, more than 3,000,000 shells and 1,000,000,000 munitions. The war establishment of a division consists of 15,000 men and 6,500 horses, comprising three infantry regiments, three squads of cavalry, three batteries of field artillery, three howitzer batteries, sappers, engineers, munitions columns, etc.

There are 23 airplane factories, but only five are working. The aviation department, which is in the hands of a committee of three with Trotsky at the head, expects to have 10,000 air planes in 1924, with corresponding personnel.

The correspondent adds that the Bolsheviks have received many shipments of airplanes from Italy, England and Germany.

Realizing the necessity for producing officers from the working classes, the Bolsheviks have established many military schools. They are more numerous and better equipped, the expert says, than similar schools in the United States and England. The schools embrace special classes in general staff work, engineering, infantry, cavalry and signals.

OPPOSES CHANGE IN GOVERNMENT

Sec. Weeks Tells Students to Uphold Present U. S. System.

Resist the agitators advising nostrums for fancied ills of the body politic and defend the system of indirect representative democracy which now prevails in the United States, Secretary of War Weeks urged in a commencement address at Brown university.

The system of government inherited from the American forefathers, he said, is being endangered and weakened by attempts at change on the part of malcontents and by the political inertia of believers in American representative government.

Criticising radicals who, he said, thought they could legislate quickly into existence panaceas for the world's ills, Secretary Weeks said: "History has fully demonstrated the wisdom of those rather conservative methods and policies which have guided the nation since the days of 1776."

One of the most important weapons used by the reformers, he asserted, was the initiative and referendum which, he declared, were "either passing fancies which are rapidly demonstrating their worthlessness or they mark the beginning of the end of representative government."

The initiative and referendum system is deplorable, Secretary Weeks asserted, in that it takes governmental control from the hands of regularly and competently elected representatives of the people and puts it in the hands of a mass of people, a large number of whom were poorly informed on legislation. He illustrated his point by analyzing amendments to various state constitutions made possible by the system.

The cabinet officer roundly criticized attempts to change the procedure of the United States supreme court, to stabilize the dollar, to adopt complete open diplomacy, to effect disarmament and to extend the primary system to the national elections.

LESS DIVORCES IN JAPAN NOW

School-Age Marriages Are Not So Common as Decade Ago.

Divorces in Japan, due to the reduction each year in the number of marriages between boys and girls, are on the decrease, according to statistics. Whereas the total number of marriages increased from 305,409 in 1888 to 549,279 in 1920, the number of divorces dropped from 112,294 in the earlier year to 55,830 in 1920 and 53,402 in 1921.

"Recent investigations by our bureau show the decrease in the number of divorces is due to the departure from early marriages," said Yoshio Numba, of the department of home affairs. "The marriage of boys and girls between 15 and 20 years is fast becoming history of feudal Japan. The ages between 20 and 25 years are now popular for matrimony for women, while many men wait until they are 35.

"The decrease in matrimonial failures," said Numba, "must not be regarded entirely as due to education regarding the proper ages for marriage. While education along this line has helped there are still many Japanese women who adhere to the old idea that separation from one's husband means social ostracism, and they, of course, keep down the number of divorces.

In the days before scientific medicine, doctors used to carry canes crowned with a hollow knob containing aromatic substances supposed to keep off contagion.

Wood is used very little for building purposes in India, owing to the rapid destruction of any except the harder native woods by white ants

The Latest Markets

One Kansas senator and one secretary of agriculture "spilled the dope" for the grain market last week. The statement of Secretary Wallace relative to over-production of wheat and the outburst from Senator Capper blaming preharvest price declines on "bear raiders" served to check speculative demand.

It is generally accepted that speculation provides a steadier market for anything and at a price average above what would obtain were the element of speculation eliminated. This is particularly true of the grain market. Hence when very slight hedging pressure appeared, followed by heavier selling due to failure of a New York stock exchange house, the speculative spirit was crushed. Two deliveries sagged to the year's lowest figures and the third was not many points from its low. All of which affects the farmer's pocketbook.

While the trend of opinion marketwise appears favorable to further advances in stock prices during the Summer months, the extent of the advance will depend on how long Wall street's rumor mill will be able to avoid reports of labor troubles, farmers' poor purchasing power, buyers' strikes taking effect when increased cost of raw materials is included in the retail prices, utilization of the present plethora of credit in further expansion and all the other news of like calibre which always precedes a prolonged decline. Three months ago it took but a few hints to shake the market down to its present level. If those inclined to be bullish will keep an eye open for another wave of such signs they will be able to act profitably at the proper time.

Summaries of business conditions generally note reviving confidence in continued prosperity. Buyers continue to act in many lines on a hand-to-mouth basis. The belief is frequently expressed in current reviews that before many more days a decided shaking off of the ultra-conservatism which has characterized commercial buyers will be seen. Stocks of goods in many lines are believed at low points and public purchasing continues.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.14. Corn, cash, 90c. Oats, cash, 47c. Barley, cash, 72c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 66½c. Clover seed, cash, $10.60; Oct., $11.60; Dec., $11.35. Alsike, cash, $10.25; Oct., $11.35; Dec., $11.35. Timothy, cash, $3.25; Oct., $3.50.

Chicago — Wheat, July, $1.04⅛; Sept., $1.04⅛; Dec., $1.06⅝. Corn, July, 82½c; Dec., 67¼c. Oats, July, 41c; Sept., 37¾c; Dec., 39¼c. Rye, July, 64¼c; Sept., 66⅜c; Dec., 70c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 44c; solid pack, 43c; nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 29@30c; Michigan, 27½c; York state, 32c; longhorn, 29@29½c.

Eggs—Candled, 26c; selects, 31c.

Bacon — Fat, 11c; lean, 24c; wide, 3 to 8 lbs., 21c; 9 to 10 lbs., 16c; 11 to 12 lbs., 14c; 13 to 15 lbs., 16c. Lard — 11c. Hams — 23c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 18c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 26@28c; geese, 13@15c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 19@21c; Leghorn broilers, 25@30c; broilers, 40@45c; old roosters and stags, 12@13c; light hens, 15@18c.

Hides—No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 7c; bull, 6c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 11c; No. 2 kip, 9½c; cured hides, No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; horse hides, $3.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tubs, 43@45c; extra firsts, 40@42c; firsts, 40@42c; standard, 41@43c; one-pound prints all grades 1c a pound higher; Packing stock, 28@30c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 27½c; extra firsts, 26½c; Ohio firsts, 23c; western firsts, 22c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailer: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 25@25½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—Old York state, 26@27c; new, 26@27c; brick, 27@28c; fancy Swiss, 40@43c; limburger, 28@30c. Poultry—Heavy fowls, 22@23c; light fowls, 15@18c; cocks, 12@14c; broilers, best heavy, 45@48c; light, 33@35c; Spring ducks, 3 to 4 pounds, 28@30c. Potatoes—Michigan, $1.50@1.75 per 150-pound sack; Petoskeys, $2.00 per 150-pound sack; Florida Rose, new stock, No. 1 grade, $5.50@5.75 barrel; South Carolina Cobblers, stave barrels, No. 1, $5.75 barrel; Alabama Triumphs rose and whites, No. 1 grade, $2.25@2.50 per 100-pound sack; No. 2 grade, $1.25@1.50; Virginia Cobblers, stave barrels, best, $5.75; poorer, $5.00; slats, $5.00@5.25. Sweet Potatoes — Porto Ricans, branded, $1.50@1.65 hamper.

Chicago—Potatoes firm on good sacks; slightly stronger on barrels; receipts, 75 cars; total United States shipments, 490; Louisaana, Alabama and Mississippi sacked Bliss Triumphs, $2.50@3.00; North and South Carolina barrel Irish Cobblers, $5.10@5.15; few at $5.50. Butter, unchanged; creamery extras, 38½c; standards, 38½c; firsts, 36½@37½c; firsts, 34½@35½c; seconds, 33@34c. Eggs — Receipts higher; receipts, 22,822 cases; ordinary firsts, 20½@21c; miscellaneous, 21@21¼c; storage pack extras, 25c; storage pack firsts, 24½c. Poultry, alive, unsettled; fowls, 18½c; broilers, 34@43c; roosters, 11½c.

New York—Butter, weak; receipts, 9,412; creamery extras, (92 score), 38¾@39c. Eggs, irregular; receipts, 20,240; Pacific coast whites, firsts to extra firsts, 29½@35c. Cheese unsettled; receipts, 232,308 pounds. Live poultry steady; prices unchanged; dressed poultry steady; prices unchanged.

Live Stock

Cleveland— Cattle — Receipts, 1,100; market 10c to 25c lower on good grades; 25c to 40c lower on others. Choice dry fed yearlings, $9.00@10.00; fair to good yearlings, $8.25@9.00; choice handyweight dry fed butchers' steers, $8.25@8.75; fair to good do., $7.50@8.25; choice heavy dry fed steers, $9.00@10.00; fair to good heavy and plain steers, $6.50@7.25; choice heifers, $7.00@8.00; fair to good heifers, $5.50@6.50; choice prime fed cows, $5.50@6.25; fair to good butchers cows, $4.50@5.25; common cows, canners and cutters, $2.50@3.50; choice handyweight bulls, $5.50@6.50; choice heavy bulls, $4.50@5.00; common and bologna bulls, $4.00@4.50. Calves—Receipts, 700; market 50c to $1 higher; good to choice veal calves, $10.50@11.50; fair to good, $6.00@9.00. Sheep and Lambs — Receipts, 1,200; market slow. Good to choice yearling lambs, $9.00@10.50; fair to good clipped do., $4.00@6.00; choice Spring lambs, $14.00@15.00; fair to good, $7.00@10.00; good to choice sheep, $6.00@7.00; good to choice ewes, $3.00@4.00; fair to good, $5.00@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; market steady; yorkers mixed, medium, $7.75; pigs and lights, $6.75; roughs, $5.75; stags, $4.00.

Pittsburgh—Cattle — Receipts, 1,200; lower; steers, $10.50@11.00; heifers, $8.00@9.00; cows, $5.25@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; steady; heavies, $7.60@7.75; heavy yorkers, $8.20@8.30; light yorkers, $7.75@8.00; pigs, $7.00@7.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,800; higher; top sheep, $7.50; top lambs, $11.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,800; steady; top, $11.00.

East Buffalo—Cattle — Receipts, 3,000; early sales active and steady; closing easy, common, 25c to 50c lower; shipping steers, $10.00@11.50; butchers, $8.00@9.25; yearlings, $9.50@11.00; heifers, $6.50@8.50; cows, $2.50@6.75; few fancy, $7.00; bulls, $3.50@5.75; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.50; fresh cows and springers, fairly active and steady, $45.00@110.00. Calves—Receipts, 3,500; active and steady; $4.00@11.00. Hogs—Receipts, 14,400; active; pigs, 25c to 50c lower; others, 10c to 15c lower; heavy, $7.85; mixed, $7.85; yorkers, $7.85@7.90; light yorkers, $7.00@7.85; pigs, $7.00@7.25; roughs, $5.75; stags, $3.50@4.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,400; active; lambs 50c lower; others, steady; lambs, $9.00@15.50; yearlings, $5.00@12.50; few dry fed, $11.00; wethers, $7.50@8.00; ewes, $2.00@6.00; mixed sheep, $6.50@7.00.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle — Receipts, 400; compared with week ago, native steers, 25@40c higher; Texans, 25@50c higher; light yearlings, 25c higher; cows, bulls and vealers, steady; canners, 25@50c lower; feeders, strong; tops for week: steers, $10.85; long yearlings, $11.00; heifers, $10.00; bulks for week: native steers, $8.75@10.50; Texans, $5.35@6.85; yearlings, $8.75@9.75; cows, $5.25@6.50; canners, $1.75@2.25; bologna bulls, $4.50@5.25. Hogs—Receipts, 4,500; active, steady to 5c higher; top, $7.60; bulk, 150 to 190-pound averages, $7.55@7.60; pigs and packer sows, unchanged; bulk good 110 to 130-pound averages, $7.00@7.40; packer sows, $6.00. Sheep—Receipts, 500; market for week: all grades lambs, $1.00 lower; sheep, unchanged; week's top lambs, $16.00 to shippers; $15.75 to packers; bulk good lambs for week, $14.75@15.75; culls, $8.00; week's top and bulk light fat ewes, $5.50; heavies, $3.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture) — Hogs — Receipts 64,000; around 10c to 15c lower; bulk desirable 150 to 300-pound averages, $7.15@7.30; top, $7.35; some held higher; bulk better packing sows, $6.00@6.35; pigs around steady; desirable strong weight, $6.25@7.00; heavy weight hogs, $6.75@7.30; medium, $6.90@7.35; light, $6.85@7.35; light light, $6.65@7.25; packing sows, smooth, $5.75@6.00; packing sows, roughs, $5.50@6.00; killing pigs, 6.00@7.00. Cattle—Receipts, 23,000; very slow; practically nothing done; killing quality plain; many light grassy steers offered; water fills liberal; bidding 15c to 25c lower on most killing classes; few early sales beef steers, $9.25@10.50; looks 25c lower; some choice heavies held above $11.25; best yearlings, early, $10.85; bidding around $2.50 on desirable canners; bulls, 10c to 15c lower; $4.65 downward; packers bidding around $9.00 on desirable vealers; few upward to $10.00 to outsiders; stockers and feeders scarce; about steady; bulk, $6.50@8.00. Sheep—Receipts, 11,000; best fat lambs, firm; others slow; around steady; top, $15.50 to city butchers; bulk, $14.50@15.00; culls, mostly $8.50@9.00; sheep steady.

KNOCKLESS GAS BEING SOUGHT

Student Experiments to Get Gasoline Free From All Carbon.

Development of a "knockless" gas with an abundance of "kick," is the goal toward which W. Hale Church of Dayton, is striving. Church, who is working under an Ohio State university fellowship, is conducting research work as an anti-knock compound discovered by C. F. Kettering of Dayton, president of the General Motors Research corporation and a trustee of Ohio State university, and another man.

A successful trial of the "knockless" gasoline, it is said, has been made at McCook aviation field, Dayton. The function of the anti-knock "gas" is to prevent carbonization, subsequent pre-ignition and other motor troubles. It is said by scientists that when the day of "knockless" gasoline has arrived engines will be built permitting higher compression, resulting in greater power and mileage.

Common gasoline, after combustion in the cylinders of an automobile, leaves a deposit of carbon, which, with continued operation of the engine, attains a high temperature. This sometimes causes the fresh charge of gasoline to explode in the cylinder before the spark ignites it, resulting in a recoil of the piston, which produces the "knock."

Old Civilization in South Africa

Remarkable discoveries of ancient hieroglyphics and traces of an ancient road and a lost civilization are reported by a prospector who has just returned to Lorenzo Marques from the low-lying country beyond Inyanga, north of Matabeleland in Africa.

He says there were many indications the region had a large population of non-Bantu origin.

Large New Pearl Valued at $60,000

The discovery at Broome of a pearl of 102 grains, of double-button shape, is reported by the chief pearling inspector of West Australia.

The pearl, which is valued at $60,000, surpasses the famous "Star of the West," which weighed 101 grains and was valued at $50,000.

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WET DEMOCRATS SEE VICTORY IN 1924 ON "LIBERAL" PLATFORM

Though dubious of their chance to nominate for President Governor "Al" Smith of New York, Governor George Silzer of New Jersey, or any equally moist candidate, wet Democrats believe they can demonstrate conclusively how a liberal ticket, running on a liberal platform, could be elected next year.

They have it all figured out that the Democrats could carry 22 states with a total of 269 votes in the electoral college. As there are 531 votes in the electoral college this would be three more than the 266 which constitute a majority.

By a "liberal" ticket the wets mean one with a candidate for President not quite so wet as Smith or Silzer, yet willing to "listen to reason" when it came to modifying the Volstead act to permit manufacture and sale of beer and light wines. Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama belongs to this class and would be the wets' first choice. Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana, who has a dry record but is backed by "Tom" Taggart, wet Democratic boss of the Hoosier state, would be acceptable as second choice.

Border States Claimed.

Taggart's declaration following the visit by Governor Smith to his famous resort at French Lick Springs, Ind., that "the next presidential campaign cannot be won on the wet issue," is considered as virtually a public announcement that the New York state executive will not get his support and that Middle West liberals are willing to take Ralston.

By a "liberal" platform the wet Democrats mean one containing a plank which, while not demanding repeal of the eighteenth amendment or the Volstead law, declares in favor of the latter's "modification" to permit an alcoholic content of more than half of one per cent in beer, wine and other beverages.

Such a plank, wets say, would insure Democratic victories in enough wet eastern states to elect the Democratic nominee with the aid of the solid south and the border states of West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri.

Expect Eight in East.

Eight eastern states which would be lured into the Democratic column by the wet platform bait, these cheerful prognosticators say, are New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Delaware and Maryland. They have a total of 73 votes in the electoral college.

The three border states have 39 electoral votes and 11 southern states—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia—184.

Estimate Held Conservative.

The wets say their estimate is conservative, since they have not included a number of states, such as Arizona, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico and Oklahoma, which frequently, if not generally, have gone Democratic, and which have an electoral vote totaling 23. Nor, they point out, have they included such normally doubtful states as Indiana and Ohio or such states as California, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pennsylvania, to which a liberal or damp ticket and platform would make a strong appeal.

So enthusiastic, in fact, have the wets become by contemplating this paper triumph that they are getting ready to go out and "sell" it to the skeptical Democratic managers, who fear a beer candidate or a beer plank would mean party suicide.

ENDS 46 YEARS AS TEACHER IN PUBLIC SCHOOL

Cleveland Woman Sees Big Changes in the System of Education.

The close of the public schools in Cleveland for the Summer vacation brought to an end 46 years of continuous service as a teacher and school administrator by Miss Jennie D. Pullen. Miss Pullen will spend the rest of her life in leisure. For the last 20 years she was general supervisor of schools of the northeast district.

Miss Pullen has seen the staff of the superintendent of schools increase from two assistants and a general supervisor to 35 men and women. The northeast district alone has more schools than were in the city when she began teaching in 1877.

Thousands of Clevelanders, some of them well known today, went to school to Miss Pullen.

A great change has come in methods of teaching, especially in matters of discipline, Miss Pullen says.

"I go through the school and wonder what has become of all the bad boys and girls," she said. "I suppose they must be there somewhere, but the matter of discipline no longer is a problem.

"In the old days the teacher had a 'plan' for teaching. This was administered by wholesale to the pupils, who often wondered what it was all about. Plans used today are devised for the benefit of the pupils, not for the teachers.

"We used to think every paragraph on every page of a book was just as important as every other paragraph. Today the pupil is taught to discriminate between the important and the trivial."

Labor Leader in Parliament

Robert Smillie, noted labor leader and president of the Scottish Miners' federation, has been elected to parliament from the Morpeth district, polling 20,053 votes against 13,087 for the liberal candidate. Morpeth is is a safe labor seat, but Smillie's poll is unusually large. He had previously made eight unsuccessful attempts at election.

CALLS COLLEGE SYSTEM WRONG

Deposed Head of Amherst College Says Trustees Lost Ideals.

Amherst college's stormy commencement is over. Breaking his silence for the first time since the announcement of his enforced resignation, Alexander Meikeljohn, former president, at the alumni luncheon, charged the trustees with failure to support the ideals they set out with and challenged the soundness of the entire fabric of American college education.

Twelve senior and one member of the class of 1922 refused to accept their degrees at the commencement exercises. Two faculty members announced their resignations and other instructors declined to deny that they might also leave.

In a crowded but silent hall, Professor Meikeljohn answered the trustees after the annual alumni luncheon.

"When Americans have found out how to run colleges they will not have trustees," he declared. He proceeded to question the value of democracy in handling education.

"America is trying to be a democracy, and America doesn't know how to be a democracy," he said. "America can't think in democratic terms.

"America still thinks in terms of privilege and possession and position and social cliques. America must learn to think in other terms than those, and it has a long task. Here is the thing that I find clear everywhere—America today, as a people uneducated in it's task, trying to educate it's children. We do not know how to think as yet in terms of what we have to do, and we have to learn."

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FORD FAVORED LEAGUE IN 1918

World Court Controversy Brings Out His Campaign Promise.

Republican irreconcilables, isolationists and others who talk of bolting President Harding because he advocates American participation in the world court, will not improve their consistency by flirting with Henry Ford.

Friends of the President dug diligently into Ford's political past and find that Ford not only favors the world court but that, unless he has changed his mind, he is an ardent supporter of the League of Nations.

Campaign Letter Quoted.

They were impelled to investigate the matter following recent publication of a newspaper interview in which Frank A. Munsey, publisher of the New York Herald, New York Sun, New York Globe and New York Telegram, besides numerous magazines, declared that should President Harding be renominated and persist in his world court advocacy he (Munsey) might support Henry Ford on an independent ticket.

In 1918 Ford was Democratic nominee for United States senator from Michigan against Truman H. Newberry, who defeated him first for the Republican nomination and then at the general election. The investigators found in one of his official campaign circulars the text of a letter which Ford wrote to George M. Holly of Michigan, expressing as follows his views on the League of Nations:

Would Assist Wilson.

"You are certainly at liberty to say to your friends and others that I will be very glad to serve as senator from Michigan, if elected, and will make a real job of it. Furthermore, that there are a number of great problems which will arise at the close of the war in which the world is deeply interested and which I would like to help the President and congress solve.

"First and foremost, there is the great question of a League of Nations to prevent all future wars, so strongly advocated by President Wilson and ex-President Taft. It seems to me that certain powerful interests and politicians are getting ready to fight this plan and put this nation on a great permanent military basis instead. I should like to help settle this question right and, if elected senator, would favor the plan now advocated by Wilson and Taft."

SOCIALISTS URGE TRUCE IN RUHR

Would End Resistance Provided France Freed German Prisoners.

Inspired by the hope that abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr can be traded for concessions from France, the Social Democratic party, the strongest in the reichstag, has indirectly sanctioned an "armistice," pending negotiations, which virtually would amount to a German capitulation.

The official press service of the party declares that important groups in the Ruhr, including some unions, believe it is high time that French and German negotiations "in a friendly spirit" be entered into. Commenting on the proposed armistice, the press service says it must entail the mutual giving up of something, proposing that France, in return for the abandonment of passive resistance, first grant an amnesty to all prisoners and allow all exiles to return and then restore traffic to normal and withdraw Belgo-French railway control.

It is argued that France may well agree to this bit of political bartering on the assumption that otherwise resistance can be maintained and crippled production, therefore, continue to limp along too slowly to make appreciable reparations confiscations possible.

Such opinions would never have been so definitely expressed in the official press service of the Social Democratic party had its leaders and its Reichstag faction not been in agreement therewith.

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Pussyfoot to Quiz "Tut" on Dry Affairs

William E. "Pussyfoot" Johnson is going to Egypt to examine the tomb of King Tutenkhamen in an endeavor to establish definitely how the ancient monarch stood on the dry question, he announced recently. "Pussyfoot" sailed for England on the George Washington on June 23. Later he will go to South Africa and work his way up overland to Tut's tomb, in search of historical dry data.

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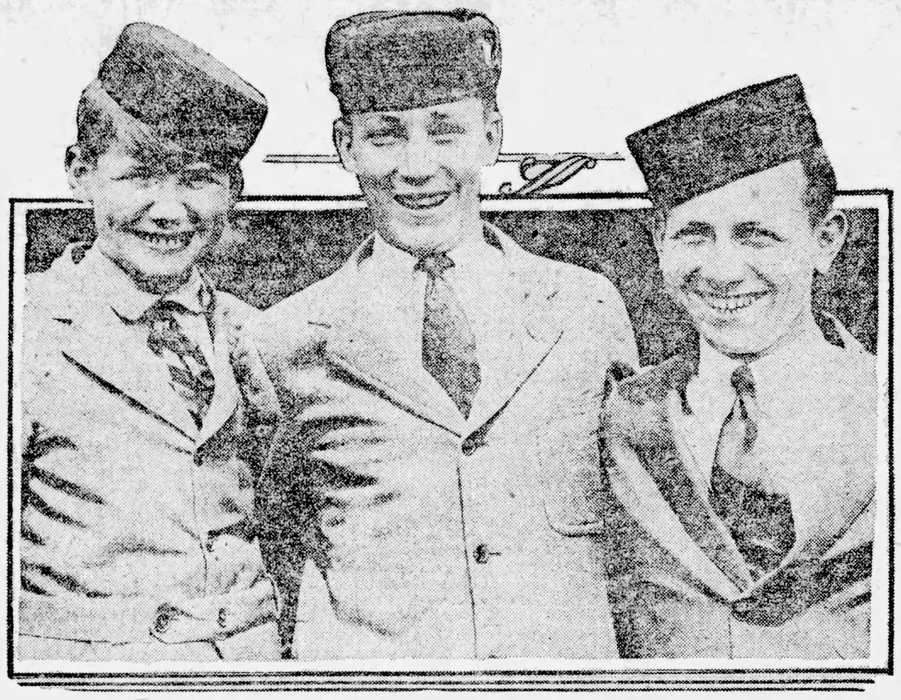
Senator's Sons Bell Hops on Ocean Liner



When the steamship George Washington sailed from New York for Bremen June 23, it carried as bell hops Paul Caraway, 17, and his brother, Forrest, 16, sons of United States Senator Caraway, and Malcolm Price, son of Dr. T. M. Price, chemist of the District of Columbia department of health. The parents of the youngsters think that the experience will be good for the lads. In the accompanying picture are shown, left to right, Forrest, Malcolm and Paul.

HARDING URGES MORE ECONOMY NOTWITHSTANDING BIG SURPLUS

Confident that the government will finish the 12-month period ending June 30 with a surplus of $200,000,000, President Harding told government officials at a "business" meeting that he expected greater economies to be effected in the next fiscal year. The policy of "economy with efficiency," he asserted, must be pressed further for the benefit of the taxpayers.

The executive, taking official notice of reported attempts by some officials to obtain larger appropriations than had been recommended by the budget bureau, he warned against repetition of such activities. Departing from his prepared address and shaking his finger emphatically at his audience, he announced that he was ready to give consideration to recommendations for discharge of officials who urged congressional committees to go beyond the budget figures.

Reflected by Lord.

The President's determination to enforce the program of keeping government expenditures within income was reflected in a speech by Brig. Gen. Lord, director of the budget. He said that he had asked the President to discharge one official who had instructed his subordinates to spend all money available to their bureau before July 1. The official, Gen. Lord said, sent telegrams to his field service employes, urging them to let no appropriation lapse at the end of the fiscal year when unexpended funds revert to the treasury.

The President characterized the government's effort to retrench as epochal.

Second only to the "signal achievement" of keeping government expenditures below income and of accumulating a surplus, the President said, was the actual cut in federal expenses amounting for the year to $256,000,000.

Just Cause for Pride.

Since the government began the current fiscal year with an apparent deficit of $823,000,000 and is expected to finish with $200,000,000 on the right side of the ledger and at the same time has spent less than was spent last year, the President said that he believed there was just cause for pride.

With the continuation of the campaign for economy, Mr. Harding told the officials, there should be developed greater efficiency and greater team work in the government service. These, he added, manifestly would produce most significant results.

"In a few days," the President said, "we commence another fiscal year and I feel confident that at its close we will be able to point to even greater achievements in our campaign for retrenchment, economy and efficiency than have been accomplished this current year. The appropriations for the coming fiscal year amount in round figures to $3,706,000,000 which is $234,000,000 less than the appropriations for the current fiscal year. As compared with the estimate presented to congress the appropriations for 1924 are only $7,825,000 less than the amount asked for in the budget and the estimates supplemental thereto.

Practical Satisfaction.

"Action by congress on the estimates for 1924 therefore amounted to practical ratification of the budget and the supplemental estimates. That in itself shows how carefully, how painstakingly, were the estimates prepared and is a source of much gratification to the chief executive. It is the first time in many years that executive requests for appropriations and legislative grant have been in practical accord.

"A revised estimate just completed indicates that the ordinary receipts for 1924 will amount in round figures to $3,638,000,000 and that the expenditures, including $507,000,000 for public debt reduction, will total $3,668,000,000. This indicates a deficit of $30,000,000. This deficit must not only be wiped out but we must close the coming year with a substantial balance to our credit. It is my earnest desire that the expenditures for the coming year, excluding the five hundred million dollars for debt reduction, be kept within three billion dollars. * * * I expect you all immediately to effect savings from your appropriations for the coming fiscal year.

Means Real Opportunity.

"The coming fiscal year will afford us a real opportunity to demonstrate our ability to carry on the policy by economy in the conduct of business and retrenchment in expenditures. Congress has granted for that year funds approximately in the amounts requested by the chief executive as being necessary to carry on the government's business. To accomplish what is necessary to be done with a limited amount of funds, as will be the case this coming fiscal year, and at the same time effect savings, affords an opportunity for really distinguished service. I am sure that you will welcome this opportunity and that you will enter upon the coming year with the firm resolve to make a new record in efficiency and economy in the transaction of the business of government.

"I realize that this will call for further and greater demands upon your ability, a closer scrutiny of your activities, and the installation generally of more efficient methods. Let us here resolve that we will establish in federal operation, not only for the coming but for succeeding years, an earnest, friendly competition between the nation's multitudinous operating agencies—competition for the honor of achieving the maximum result with the minimum of expenditure. * * *

Expects Big Reduction.

"Another task which will shortly confront us is the preparation of the budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925. I contemplate a substantial reduction in the estimates of appropriations for 1925 as compared with the appropriations for 1924. In fact, I have expressed to the director of the bureau of the budget my desire that the 1925 estimates, exclusive of the amount required to meet the reduction in, and the interest on, the public debt and the amount required for the post-office department, will not be in excess of $1,700,000,000. To reach this amount the estimates for 1925 must be $126,000,000 less than the appropriation for 1924. This will tax your best efforts, but I have confidence in your ability to find ways and means for lessening the amounts of your requests for funds.

"I can understand how the constant calls for reductions somewhat tries your patience. But a day will come when we must deal with increases, because there must be expanding activities and attending growth of cost in the government of a growing nation. Our big problem is to find the irreducible minimum upon which we may constantly enlarge."

Pantless Victim of Thief, Clad in Raincoat, Recovers Lost Trousers

It is a wise man who knows his own trousers. Abraham Spivack, postoffice clerk, 996 Tiffany street, the Bronx, New York, knew his own trousers so well he was able to recognize them instantly when he saw them encasing the legs of a perfect stranger. Therefore, he got the perfect stranger, Wyman Jennings, 22, colored, 113 West 140th street, into quite a pickle, and also got back the pantaloons.

Young Mr. Jennings, twice a "student" at Elmira reformatory, was put under arrest.

One Saturday night Abe Spivack spent in making an inventory of his possessions. He took pride in the fact that he owned four fine pairs of pants and in the right hand pocket of the Sunday best pair there reposed $75 in cash. Sunday morning when Mr. Spivack awoke he found his wardrobe looted. Some one had entered through the fire escape and snatched all the pants in sight and departed.

Mr. Spivack was in a predicament about getting to work the next morning. He had to improvise a garment for his nether limbs and cover himself in a long raincoat. He set out dolefully to get some money to get a new pair of trousers.

But he was saved the expense, for at the subway station, Intervale and Westchester avenues, he spotted a pair of his own old trousers. He rushed at the fellow who wore them. Detective Flaherty of the Morissania station, happened to be at hand and helped in nabbing the missing Spivack trousers. Their wearer, loudly protesting his innocence, was led away to confinement. Spivack followed, as he needed the article in dispute very badly. At the station house it was said that upon the person of the prisoner, Jennings, was found pocketbooks which might implicate him in other thefts.

Funeral Cortege of Indians Goes 187 Miles With Body of Their Chief

From out of the wilds of Central British Columbia comes word of one of the longest funeral marches in the history of this country. Twenty Indians carried the body of their dead chief, Alexander Isaac, 187 miles in three weeks that it might be properly interred in the reservation cemetery.

Chief Isaac and two braves set out from the reservation at Moricetown on a scouting trip. On reaching the headwaters of the Morice river the chief became violently ill and died.

Isaac's companions refused to bury him so far from the reservation and in their own way chose lots, one remaining with the body, while the other proceeded to Moricetown to tell the populace of the death of the chief.

Pack Body in Ice.

In order that the body might not decompose it was packed in ice, on the bank of the river.

When news of the chief's death was broadcasted in Moricetown volunteers were called to bring the remains back to the reservation and 20 braves set forth on the mission.

A coffin was constructed from planks cut out of the trees. Sufficient room was allowed for the storing of ice around the body.

Natives Endurance Tested.

The funeral march was a trying ordeal, and the endurance of the natives was severely tested. The party was divided into two sections, 10 men carrying the corpse at one time, while the others devoted themselves to camp labors and broke trail where it was necessary. It was found impossible to carry the coffin over some of the higher hills, and a circuitous journey had to be made.

It took the Indnans three weeks to complete their funeral march, and they were on the point of exhaustion when they reached Moricetown.

Business Men May Fight Forest Fires

The fellow who in years past sat at a desk and read in the newspapers how forest fires were fought in the wilds of Minnesota may this year get a chance to try his hand at that work. Foresty men say the bowery district of Duluth, which in years past supplied most of the fire fighters, is stripped of its usual throng of unemployed. It may be found necessary, it is stated, to draft business men for service in the event of serious fires this year.

Girl Lives as Boy 8 Years; Found Out

Suzanne Perret, 27, of France, masqueraded as a boy eight years, but was found out when she said she was born in Italy and search of Italian birth records failed to uphold her contention.

She tried to enlist in the French army in 1914 but was rejected. Since then she has worked on a farm under the name of Marcel Rosso. She has returned to her parents at Charmeoles.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

Skirmishing for better position among the clubs below the leaders featured last week's games in the major leagues. Cincinnati made a strong bid for second place in the National now held by Pittsburgh, but fell off several points Sunday when their star pitcher, Luque, the Cuban, met defeat at the hands of the Cubs, whose famous moundsman, Aelxander, held the Reds to three hits. The Cubs took fourth place from the Cardinals, who had a poor week. The league leading New York Giants won their sixth straight game Sunday, improving their position.

In the American league the St. Louis Browns crawled into the lower hole of the first division ahead of Cobb's Detroits, and Washington moved from seventh place to sixth over the Chicago White Sox. The champion New York Yankees won four of their six games.

The Yankees gathered the most hits in the week and the Browns the most runs. In the National the Cubs were the heaviest hitters and scorers.

YANKS IN CHINA DIVIDE ON POLICY

Group Favors Intervention by U. S.; Has Support of British.

The aftermath of the Lincheng bandit outrage leaves the American community divided into two definite groups—one favoring intervention and the other sternly opposed.

The intervention supporters, cooperating with a group of British merchants, hold the view that China is incompetent to protect foreign lives and property, and that therefore foreign powers must act themselves. Their opponents hold that intervention would serve only to force all the Chinese to coalesce in a strong anti-foreign movement, resulting in a loss of trade and prestige and ultimate failure, declaring the country is too large for such a movement to succeed.

The opponents of intervention claim its supporters are instigated by other nationals whose governments are unable to take strong action owing to European difficulties, in the hope that Washington will become responsible for foreign troop movements there. America's leadership in such a movement would bring on American interests the full responsibility of Chinese opposition if there were any.

It is noticeable that although some British merchants favor intervention the public resolutions first published bear American names, the other nationals waiting to see what the effect will be and then follow suit according to their opportunities.

The statement that responsible Chinese favor foreign intervention cannot be verified and therefore it is a guess either way. However, past experience indicates that no matter how terrible political or even economic conditions should foreigners become aggressive, the Chinese will stand together.

The greatest danger is that radicals in the American business community will force the United States into a position similar to that of Japan previous to the return to Shantung.

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BRYAN PROTESTS BEING RIDICULED

Commoner Declares His Opinions on Darwinsim Shared by Many.

A protest against alleged ridicule and misrepresentation of his views accepting the orthodox interpretation of the Bible is made by William Jennings Bryan in a letter published by the Chicago Tribune answering one of its recent editorials.

"If I were alone in my views," Mr. Bryan wrote under date of June 14, from Miami, Fla., "I might expect to be ridiculed, but it so happens that those which I hold on this subject are held by a large majority of members of all the Christian churches.

"The present outburst of criticism was aroused by the action of the Presbyterian general assembly in reaffirming a pronouncement made 13 years ago. I supported the action taken at the general assembly held in Indianapolis last month but as it was a reaffirmation, in the exact words used in 1910, I do not know why I should be singled out for ridicule."

In reference to his opposition to the Darwinian theory of evolution, Mr. Bryan wrote:

"My views are set forth in a resolution unanimously adopted by the legislature of Florida, expressing it as the sense of the legislature that it is improper and subversive of the best interest of the people of this state for any professor, teacher or instructor in the public schools of this state, supported in whole or in part by public taxation, to teach or permit to be taught atheism or agnosticism or to teach as true Darwinism or any other hypothesis that links man in blood relationship to any other form of life.'

"Please note that the objection is not to the teaching of the evolutionary hypothesis as an hypothesis, but to teaching of it as true or as a proven fact. This was the language of the resolution which I introduced at the Presbyterian general assembly, which was defeated by a substitute which went part of the way and which, in its wording, recognized the injury that is done to students by the teaching of materialistic evolution."

Roosevelt Grave Ceremonies Barred

Public ceremonies and exercises at the grave of Theodore Roosevelt, like those on Memorial and Flag day, will be barred in the future, directors of Young's Memorial cemetery in Oyster Bay, announced.

The ruling is said to have met with approval of the Roosevelt family. The cemetery will remain open to friends and admirers desiring to pay silent tribute at the grave.

The automobile of some years ago would not run on the present day gasoline since improvement in engine design has made possible the use of the lower grade fuel.

Mussolini Shakes Sword at Enemies

Premier Mussolini has warned his political enemies that force may be used if they become too aggressive in their agitations.

"Let none abuse our generosity for we would intervene with force," said the premier. "If remnants of our bad customs reappear upon the political stage I would call out the Black Shirts (Fascisti) many of whom already are impatient."

PETTICOAT RULE WORST OF ALL

Lady Astor Believes Co-operation of Both Sexes Is Best in Public Affairs.

"I can conceive of nothing worse than a man-governed world—except a woman-governed world," said Lady Astor, the first woman to sit in the Mother of Parliaments, in epitomizing the part which women should play in public affairs.

Here is no feminist—that is, no advocate of petticoat rule. American by birth and English by adoption, Lady Astor's position among the public women of the world is absolutely unique. There is no other woman just like her in England and one would search in vain among the women in public life in the United States to find her counterpart. Nor does her personality suggest her origin in Virginia, where she was one of the famous Langhorne sisters. She seems to be like no one except herself.

But she is all-American and her Americanisms often make her English sisters gasp. Nevertheless her quick wit and sharp retorts have helped her out of more than one difficult situation, particularly in her election campaigns when her meetings have been packed with hostile hecklers.

Parries Hecklers' Thrusts.

"Say, Lady Astor, how many toes has a pig?" shouted one of these hecklers in a packed meeting down in Plymouth last Fall.

"Take off your shoes and I'll tell you," was the reply which her interrogator received.

"You ought to be home with your hands in the washtub, same as my wife," said another heckler, hands in his pockets, and very conspicuous.

"Take your hands out of your pockets and go to work and your wife can take her hands out of the washtub," retorted the frail, little woman on the platform.

Common Sense View.

There is character, conscience and common sense back of every position Lady Astor takes in English politics. She cherishes no notion that women should rule the British empire, but she does feel that women can co-operate more actively in public affairs.

"But we must not flatter ourselves," she continued. "The world will never be put right by woman as she is now, only by woman as she is going to be. A good many of us have to learn to investigate facts more patiently and to weigh them more impartially before jumping to conclusions. No doubt we are suffering partly from failings which are common to all who have been kept in a state of submission, but we have still a great deal to learn."

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WHEAT AS FEED FOR LIVESTOCK

Chicago Packer Declares Surplus Grain Can Be Turned to Profit.

Turn one-fourth of the wheat crop to fattening livestock and the farmers' annual loss will be turned to a profit, F. Edson White, president of Armour & Co., declared before the National Wheat conference.

Mr. White spoke on the problem of eliminating the annual surplus of wheat which long has been, he said, the bane of the farmers' life. This year the carry over was in the neighborhood of 17,000,000 bushels.

"Feed more wheat" might not be a bad slogan, Mr. White suggested. "Hogs and poultry thrive on wheat. In many sections it can be made the base of increased milk and butter production."

One resolution, introduced by Benjamin C. Marsh, president of the National Farmers' Council of Washington, D. C., declared it to be the sense of the conference that the real solution of the surplus wheat problem, with its kindred difficulties of unprofitable farming, and unstable agricultural organization, may be best solved by means of a government price stabilizing organization, or a nation-wide federal marketing arrangement.

The average annual per captia cost from fires in this country is $2.26 while Canada loses $2.73 per capita by fire; Spain, $1.86; France 97 cents; England, 64 cents; Germany, 28 cents and the Netherlands only 11 cents.

Explorer to Pierce Wall of Ice Round Top of World With Radio

The North Pole is within speaking distance of the United States.

Such is the belief expressed by Dr. Donald B. MacMillan, intrepid Arctic explorer. Dr. MacMillan sailed June 23 to prove his contention.

His tiny 88-foot schooner will be fully equipped with high powered wireless apparatus, from which he will attempt, on every leg of his journey, to send messages of progress back to the states.

His message call of "WNT" will be looked for by every radio station—first to advance the study of this means of communication, and later, when the Bowdoin is stealing her way through the ice lanes of the Arctic, to listen for messages of distress.

Dr. MacMillan knows the Arctic as most men know their city streets. He was with Peary on his dash to the Pole. The explorer believes his expedition will experience its greatest difficulty in reaching Cape Sabine—the farthest north point where the ship must be abandoned.

At this point Dr. MacMillan will erect a tablet for the National Geographical society, in memory of the 18 members of the ill-fated Greeley expedition of 1884, who lost their lives in their pioneer effort to reach the Polar region.

"The worst enemy of the explorer—the months of isolation from the world—will be missing this time," Dr. MacMillan said. "We believe we will be able to pick up the concerts broadcast by American radio stations—entertainment and news of the world through the whole long Winter night."

The Bowdoin is the smallest vessel ever used in a Polar dash.

"If we have to abandon it we will seek quarters with some Eskimo tribe, while a relief party, notified by wireless of our plight, can come to our rescue," MacMillan said.

Dr. MacMillan believes his dash will take 16 months.

"I am very glad Captain Raold Amundsen has abandoned his hop to the Pole in a heavier-than-air machine. It meant certain death," he said. "I believe the day is near when a ship of the Zeppelin type will reach the top of the world."

HAND PROPELLED PLANES SUCCESS

French Inventor Says He Will Be Able to Fly Like Birds Do.

Hand propelled airplanes shaped like birds and only slightly larger than a man will be as common, as serviceable and as cheap as bicycles in a few years, says J. C. Roch, French war aviator, who is testing such an invention.

Roch believes the trend of airplane style is away from enormous planes with heavy motors to lighter, smaller types. He points out that planes with seven and 10 horsepower motors have proven successful. Utilizing the gliding principle and the principle of the flapping wings of a bird Roche has fashioned a plane which will be hand propelled—what he believes will be the airplane of the future.

Roch's present model has the appearance of a big bat with outspread wings of aluminum and a framework of light wood.

Pilot Horizontal.

The pilot is strapped in a horizontal position under the wings, corresponding to the body of the bat. The wings, which are hinged and flap in birdlike fashion, are operated by the arms. The feet control the rudder, which regulates the elevation of flight and a simple steering apparatus attached to the head of the pilot regulates direction.

"I have tried as far as possible, to imitate the flight of birds," Roch explained. "Hitherto man never has flown because he hasn't been able to perfect the flapping wings. I believe I have solved that difficulty."

In order to avoid unnecessary danger in testing the bicycle plane Roch has fixed up a long track, from which the plane is suspended. Trial flights under this arrangement have proved successful, Roch says, and after he has made a few more corrections of balance and control in the plane Roch plans to test it in open flying.

Won't Be Tiresome.

"To fly like that will not be any more fatiguing than to swim," Roch explained. "Remember, the wings will not have to be flapped continuously, but only enough to maintain altitude and combat adverse winds."

Roch's present model also is equipped with a three-horsepower motor which operates a propeller. This he plans to use only for the takeoff and to obtain initial altitude. Eventually he hopes to do away with this motor.

Roch constructed 20 models before he was successful. The last cost him less than $100. When made in large quantities the planes undoubtedly could be sold for less than half that amount.

HARDING CUTS HIS FUEL BILL

Executive Orders Heat From Army and Navy Boiler Room.

President Harding is an advocate of economy, in personal affairs as well as in the administration of the government. The President believes economy begins at home. That is why he ordered the White House furnaces be taken out and that heat for the mansion be furnished by the steam plant in the state, war and navy building. The work of tearing down the White House heating plant will be done while the President is on the western trip.

This change not alone will save salaries of firemen and attendants, it is said, but will effect economy in coal bills. In the White House plant anthracite is burned; in the state department plant bituminous. The White House coal bill will be slashed more than 50 per cent, it was estimated.

While the President and Mrs. Harding were packing and getting ready for the long journey, carpenters, plasterers and repairmen invaded the White House, preparing to give the mansion the first real cleaning and renovation it has had since 1917. All the interior will be repainted and redecorated and the wooden floor in the executive offices will be replaced by tile. The work will require about 10 weeks, the length of the President's stay.

Pantomime Taught in French School

Acting without the aid of speech is being taught in a new course at the French national conservatory. Georges Vague, master of pantomime, trains pupils in facial gymnastics and posture.

His students are given exercises in moving muscles of the face and in developing their ability to simulate anger, hate, joy and sorrow just as in the conventional classes they are taught to convey ideas with a combination of facial expression, gesture and tone of voice.

One of Vague's ideas is suppression of undue motion. Instead of waving their arms and contorting their bodies in stress of emotion his pupils cultivate ability to express themselves rather with postures than with gestures.

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You will surely throw away your "medicines," and "alcoholic" tonics, once you try this greatest of all health builders.

Build Up Your Glands and You Build Strength and Endurance.

The Lewis Gland Treatment is absolutely original in every particular and nothing like it has ever before been known in medical science.

If you have tried many other forms of medical treatment without relief and have despaired of finding anything helpful, then you are the very one above all others to whom we will most gladly send one of our Demonstration Treatments. All you are asked to do is to Test this new Method in your home and at our expense. Surely you will not permit any doubt or prejudice to stand in your way when such a liberal offer as this is made to you.

The Lewis Method will positively Rebuild and Replace worn and wasted gland tissue. It will increase vitality both physical and mental. It will renew strength, especially as to the functioning of the glands. It will increase your endurance and render you less liable to fatigue. It will improve your general health, and in most cases cause a marked improvement in your appearance. Your appetite will increase and you will almost surely gain in weight if you are at present in a "run-down" condition.

It is especially recommended to men for Prostatic troubles, Liver, Kidney and Bladder disorders and Rheumatism, both muscular and joint.

The instructions and suggestions that accompany the Demonstration Treatment will tell you about the Lewis Treatment in much greater detail than is possible in a general announcement.

You will notice in the coupon that we ask whether the treatment is intended for male or female.

This is necessary because the two treatments are absolutely different as to formulas. The female treatment contains an ovarian extract and is particularly recommended for the ailments to which women are most commonly subject. Any Physician will testify as to the wonderful value of ovarian substance for women's troubles and will also understand that this substance would be of no benefit if administered in a treatment for men. We mention this one point of difference to emphasize the fact that the Lewis Treatment for Women is especially prepared for that sex.

Send for your Demonstration Treatment now. Don't wait until it is too late and all the free treatments are gone. If you will follow your impulse and fill out the coupon and mail it before you let this paper get out of your hands you will be sure to receive your treatment within a few days. Then you will see and know, and will be in the happy position of being able to judge for yourself.

All our correspondence and all packages sent by us come to you in plain, sealed containers.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Lewis Laboratories,
108 No. Dearborn St.
Dept. 415-A, Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me at once one of your Demonstration Treatments for the Replacement by Renewal of Worn or Wasted Glands.

My age is.....

This, to be sent me in plain wrapper and entirely without cost or obligation on my part. I wish the treatment for

..... Male

..... Female

(Mark a cross before the one you wish.)

(I enclose 10 cts., for postage and packing.)

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State.....